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# KILROY @ HERE!

IN A SENSATIONAL SMASH  
COMICS MAGAZINE THAT'S  
TURNED THE TOWN TOPSY-  
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## The KILROYS

HOT OFF THE PRESS AND  
A BOMBSHELL OF BELLY-  
LAFFS... SO BUY YOUR  
COPY NOW! LATCH ON TO  
"NATCH", THE TERRIFIC TEEN-  
AGER! MEET JUDY, HIS LITTLE  
LOVIN' OVEN--JACKSON, THE  
DOWNBEAT ATOM BOMB--AND  
MOM AND POP KILROY, IN  
PERSON!

THEY'RE ALL ON HAND FOR  
GIGGLES! SO IF YOU WANT  
TO SAY **KILROY WAS  
HERE**, AND MEAN IT,



## Read The KILROYS

*America's Funniest Family!*



ON ALL  
STANDS

and

YOU'D BETTER  
**HURRY!**



# HAUNT from the UNKNOWN

FOR CENTURIES, PEOPLE WHO CLAIM TO HAVE SEEN GHOSTS HAVE BEEN MOCKED AT, CALLED MAD---AND SOME, INDEED, HAVE EVEN BEEN CONFINED TO MENTAL INSTITUTIONS FOR INSISTING THAT THEIR VISIONS WERE REAL! BUT HERE'S A SPINE-CHILLING TALE OF A NAUGHT THAT FOLLOWED HIS VICTIM BEHIND THE BARS OF AN ASYLUM---AND WON A GHOULISH REVENGE!



IN THE MUNICIPAL MENTAL HOSPITAL---

NO! DON'T PUT ME IN THAT WARD--CLAY'S GHOST WON'T BE STOPPED BY IRON BARS! I'M NOT INSANE--YOU MUSTN'T LOCK ME UP WHERE I CAN'T ESCAPE FROM HIM! HE'LL GET ME, I TELL YOU!

HE'S HYSTERICAL---HANDLE HIM GENTLY, BOYS! I'LL GIVE HIM A HYPO TO QUIET HIM DOWN!



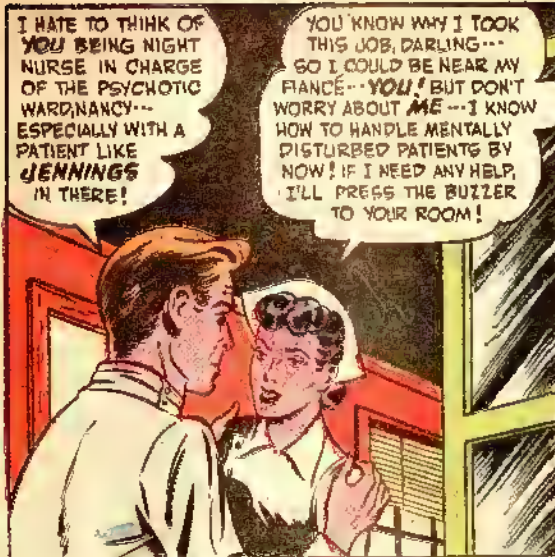
WHEW! IT TOOK TWO INTERNS TO HOLD HIM DOWN WHILE I GAVE HIM THAT NEMBUTAL---BUT HE'LL SLEEP NOW!

I'VE BEEN LOOKING THROUGH GUY JENNINGS' CASE HISTORY, BILL! HE BEGAN HAVING HALLUCINATIONS ABOUT GHOSTS SOON AFTER THE ACCIDENTAL DROWNING OF HIS BUSINESS PARTNER---CLAY ALLISON! HE WAS COMMITTED HERE AS A PARANOID SCHIZOPHRENIC---WITH DANGEROUS HOMICIDAL TENDENCIES!



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I HATE TO THINK OF YOU BEING NIGHT NURSE IN CHARGE OF THE PSYCHOTIC WARD, NANCY... ESPECIALLY WITH A PATIENT LIKE JENNINGS IN THERE!

YOU KNOW WHY I TOOK THIS JOB, DARLING... SO I COULD BE NEAR MY FIANCEE... YOU! BUT DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME... I KNOW HOW TO HANDLE MENTALLY DISTURBED PATIENTS BY NOW! IF I NEED ANY HELP, I'LL PRESS THE BUZZER TO YOUR ROOM!



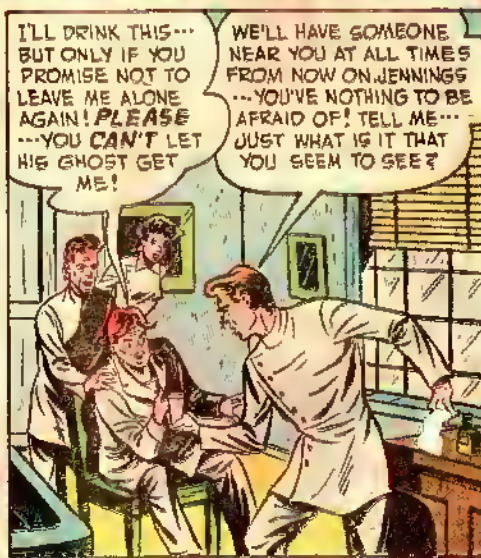
I WILL BE REVENGED, GUY... I'M GOING TO KILL YOU!

NO... NO... HELP!



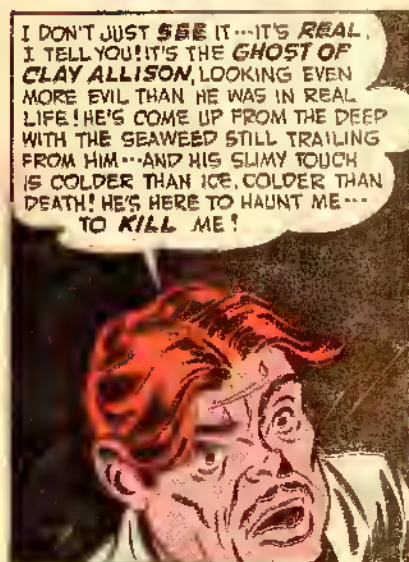
NURSE... LET ME OUT! CLAY'S GHOST IS AFTER ME... HE'S RIGHT BEHIND ME! LET ME OUT!

NOW, NOW, MR. JENNINGS... THERE'S NO ONE BEHIND YOU! YOU'RE IN NO DANGER! I'LL JUST RING FOR DR. WRIGHT, AND HE'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO MAKE YOU SLEEP AGAIN!



I'LL DRINK THIS... BUT ONLY IF YOU PROMISE NOT TO LEAVE ME ALONE AGAIN! PLEASE... YOU CAN'T LET HIS GHOST GET ME!

WE'LL HAVE SOMEONE NEAR YOU AT ALL TIMES FROM NOW ON, JENNINGS... YOU'VE NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF! TELL ME... JUST WHAT IS IT THAT YOU SEEM TO SEE?

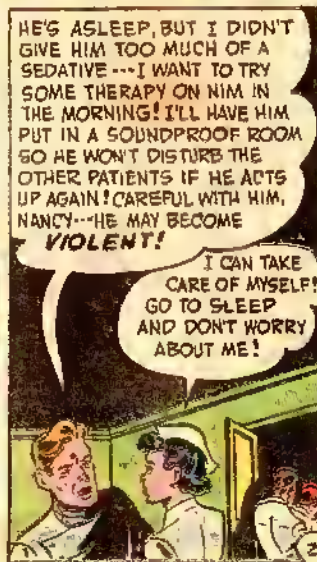


I DON'T JUST SEE IT... IT'S REAL. I TELL YOU! IT'S THE GHOST OF CLAY ALLISON, LOOKING EVEN MORE EVIL THAN HE WAS IN REAL LIFE! HE'S COME UP FROM THE DEEP WITH THE SEAWEED STILL TRAILING FROM HIM... AND HIS SLIMY TOUCH IS COLDER THAN ICE, COLDER THAN DEATH! HE'S HERE TO HAUNT ME... TO KILL ME!



BUT WHY SHOULD HE BE AFTER YOU, JENNINGS?

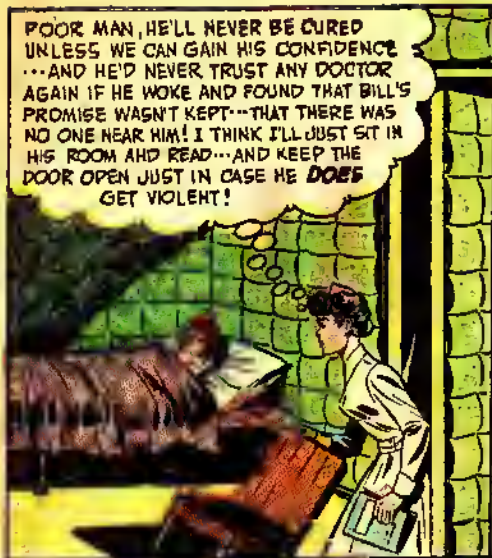
I... I CAN'T TELL YOU... YOU'RE TRYING TO TRAP ME! MUSTN'T TALK ANY MORE... GETTING TOO SLEEPY... SLEEPY...



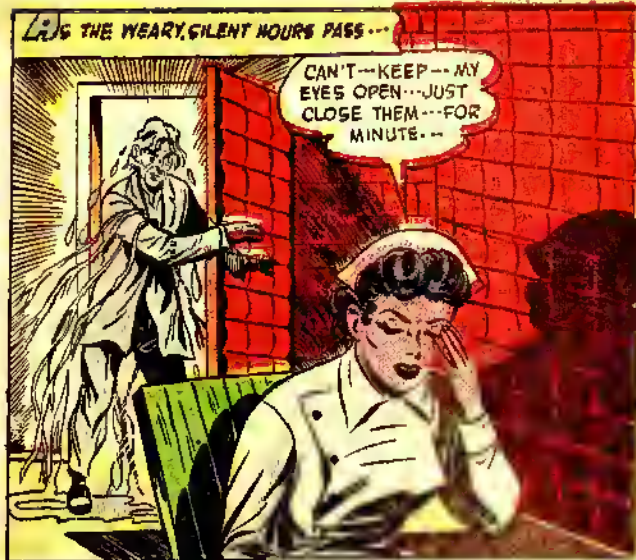
HE'S ASLEEP, BUT I DIDN'T GIVE HIM TOO MUCH OF A SEDATIVE... I WANT TO TRY SOME THERAPY ON HIM IN THE MORNING! I'LL HAVE HIM PUT IN A SOUNDPROOF ROOM SO HE WON'T DISTURB THE OTHER PATIENTS IF HE ACTS UP AGAIN! CAREFUL WITH HIM, NANCY... HE MAY BECOME VIOLENT!

I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF! GO TO SLEEP AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME!





POOR MAN, HE'LL NEVER BE CURED UNLESS WE CAN GAIN HIS CONFIDENCE...AND HE'D NEVER TRUST ANY DOCTOR AGAIN IF HE WOKE AND FOUND THAT BILL'S PROMISE WASN'T KEPT...THAT THERE WAS NO ONE NEAR HIM! I THINK I'LL JUST SIT IN HIS ROOM AND READ...AND KEEP THE DOOR OPEN JUST IN CASE HE **DOES** GET VIOLENT!

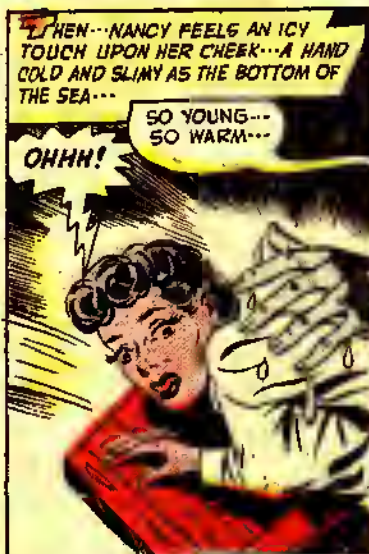


AS THE WEARY, SILENT HOURS PASS...

CAN'T--KEEP--MY EYES OPEN...JUST CLOSE THEM...FOR MINUTE...



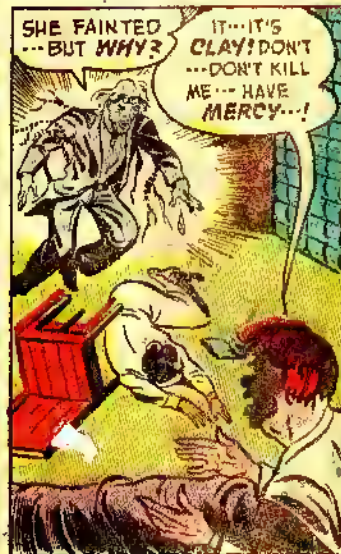
I COULD AVENGE MYSELF ON HIM **NOW!** BUT IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE I SAW--A LOVELY FACE...



THEN--NANCY FEELS AN ICY TOUCH UPON HER CHEEK...A HAND COLD AND SLIMY AS THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA...

OH!!!

SO YOUNG... SO WARM...



SHE FAINED...BUT WHY?

IT...IT'S CLAY! DON'T...DON'T KILL ME...HAVE MERCY...



FOOL, MY VENGEANCE CAN **WAIT!** THE MOMENT I KILL YOU, THE REASON FOR MY GHOSTLY EXISTENCE VANISHES...AND I MUST RETURN FROM WHENCE I CAME! I'LL MAKE YOUR DEATH A LONG, LINGERING ONE...FILLED WITH ALL THE TORTURES I CAN WIELD WITH MY NEW POWERS...UNTIL I'M FINALLY READY TO RETURN TO **EVERLASTING NOTHINGNESS!**



THE SPIRIT WORLD IS COLD...GO COLD...I WANTED ONLY TO BE WARMED BY A YOUNG, LOVING SMILE THAT WOULD THAW MY DEAD, ICY HEART! WHY DID SHE FEAR ME SO...HOW CAN I KEEP HER FROM **FLEEING** WHEN SHE REVIVES?

I CAN HELP YOU, CLAY! I...I'LL GET A STRAIT-JACKET...SHE'LL **NEVER** BE ABLE TO ESCAPE WITH ONE OF **THOSE** IMPRISONING HER!





AH, **HERE'S ONE!** AFTER I GET HER ENCASED IN IT, CLAY WILL FORGET ALL ABOUT **ME!** I'LL HAVE MY CHANCE TO ESCAPE... **FROM HIM AND FROM THE HOSPITAL!**



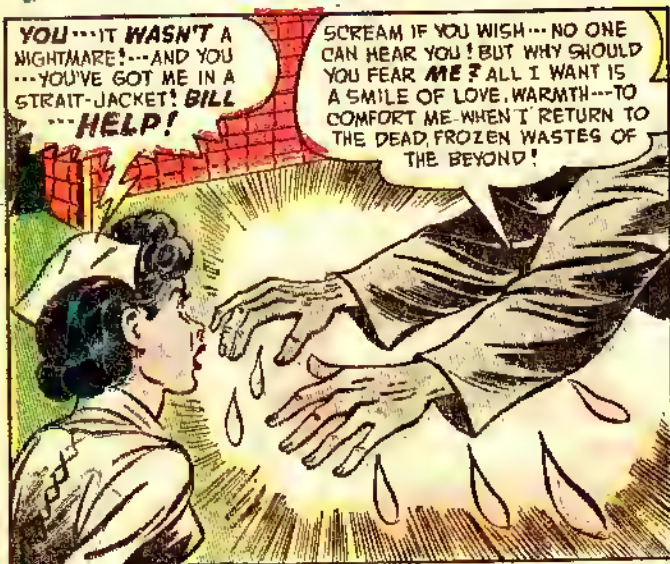
THERE...SHE CAN'T GET AWAY **NOW!** AND... AND YOU CAN **MAKE** HER SMILE AT YOU!

I'LL LOWER MY DRIPPING SLEEVE OVER HER FACE...AND LET THE ICY OCEAN-WATER REVIVE HER!



I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE AND CLOSE THIS SOUNDPROOF DOOR BEHIND ME...BEFORE SHE WAKES UP AND STARTS SCREAMING FOR **HELP!**

WHERE... WHERE AM I...?



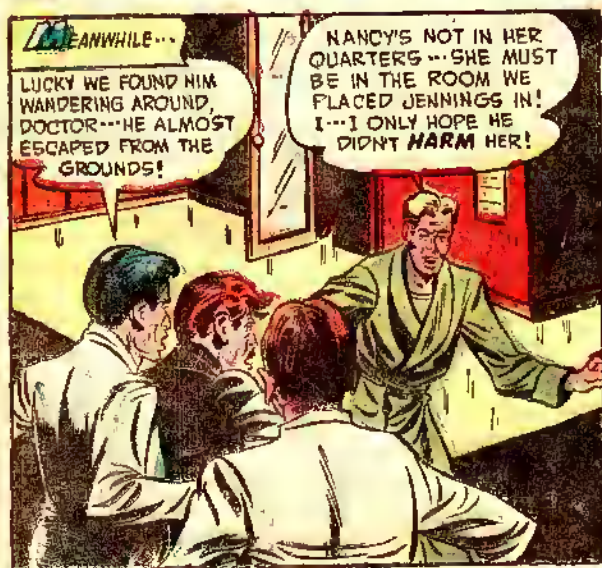
YOU...IT **HASN'T** A NIGHTMARE!...AND YOU...YOU'VE GOT ME IN A STRAIT-JACKET! **BILL...HELP!**

SCREAM IF YOU WISH...NO ONE CAN HEAR YOU! BUT WHY SHOULD YOU FEAR **ME?** ALL I WANT IS A SMILE OF LOVE, WARMTH...TO COMFORT ME WHEN I RETURN TO THE DEAD, FROZEN WASTES OF THE BEYOND!



**GET AWAY FROM ME!** YOU'RE REVOLTING...HORRIBLE!

**SO!** NOW I **KNOW** WHAT I'LL TAKE BACK WITH ME INTO THE BEYOND! **SO!** FOR THAT, I'LL **KILL** YOU...AND TAKE YOU WITH ME INTO THE **UNKNOWN!**



**MEANWHILE...**

LUCKY WE FOUND HIM WANDERING AROUND, DOCTOR...HE ALMOST ESCAPED FROM THE GROUNDS!

NANCY'S NOT IN HER QUARTERS...SHE MUST BE IN THE ROOM WE PLACED JENNINGS IN! I...I ONLY HOPE HE DIDN'T **HARM** HER!



THE DOOR...I MUST VANISH... BUT I SHALL **RETURN!**

NANCY... ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

**BILL... HURRY!**



OH, BILL...IT...IT WAS ALL SO HORRIBLE! THE GHOST DISAPPEARED JUST BEFORE YOU GOT INTO THE ROOM! HE HAD SEAWEEED ALL OVER HIM, AS IF HE'D JUST COME OUT OF A WATERY GRAVE, AND...

SURE, DARLING, SURE...AS SOON AS I GET YOU OUT OF THIS, I'LL PUT YOU IN YOUR ROOM AND GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO MAKE YOU SLEEP!

YOU...YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME...YOU THINK I'VE GONE INSANE! BUT I'VE GOT PROOF THE GHOST WAS REAL! THERE MUST BE A POOL OF WATER WHERE HE WAS STANDING...

THE FLOOR'S BONE-DRY! I...I'M AFRAID YOU'VE BEEN AROUND THE PSYCHOTIC WARD TOO LONG...IT'S BEGUN TO AFFECT YOUR MIND! NOW YOU JUST GO ALONG AND LET THE INTERN GIVE YOU A SLEEPING PILL...

HE--HE WAS REAL, I TELL YOU...THE WATER MUST HAVE EVAPORATED!

WHITE, GRITTY PARTICLES ON THE FLOOR...AND THEY TASTE SALTY! BUT IT COULDN'T BE FROM SEA-WATER...IT'S PROBABLY SOME SALT DROPPED FROM A PATIENT'S DINNER-TRAY! POOR NANCY...

WE DIDN'T HAVE TO GIVE HER A PILL, DOCTOR...NERVOUS EXHAUSTION MADE HER DROP OFF TO SLEEP!

GOOD...NOW BRING JENNINGS INTO MY OFFICE...I'M GOING TO GIVE HIM THE SODIUM PENTOTHAL "TRUTH SERUM" AND SEE IF WE CAN'T FIND OUT THE REAL ROOTS OF HIS INSANITY...AND PERHAPS LEARN WHAT REALLY HAPPENED TO NANCY IN THAT ROOM!

AS THE MIRACULOUS "TRUTH-DRUG" CIRCULATES THROUGH JENNINGS' ARTERIES AND REACHES HIS BRAIN...

NOW, JENNINGS, TELL ME... WHY DO YOU THINK CLAY'S GHOST IS HAUNTING YOU?

BECAUSE I... KILLED CLAY ALLISON! WE WERE BOTH PARTNERS IN A GAMBLING SYNDICATE...AND WHEN I LEARNED HE WAS CHEATING ME OUT OF MY SHARE OF THE PROFITS...I TOOK HIM OUT ON A FISHING TRIP...AND THREW HIM OVERBOARD! HE COULDN'T SWIM...AND I TOLD POLICE HE FELL OVERBOARD...

EVER SINCE THEN... HE'S BEEN HAUNTING ME...TOYING WITH ME BEFORE HE KILLS ME...

BILL... HELP!

GREAT SCOTT... THAT'S NANCY'S VOICE! LET'S LEAVE JENNINGS HERE AND SEE WHAT'S WRONG!

IT'S CLAY'S GHOST... STOP HIM!

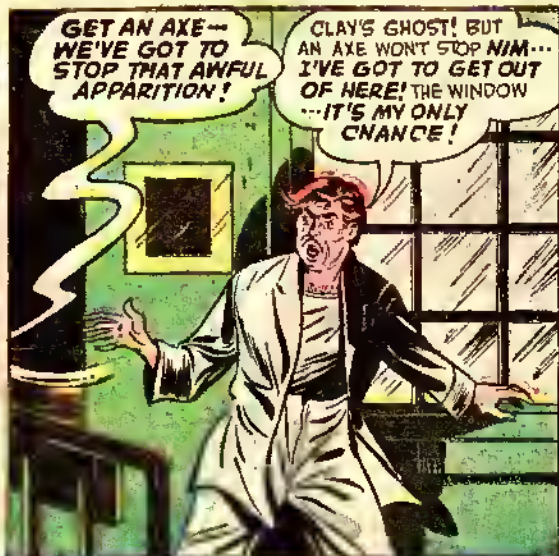
THE DOOR'S LOCKED, DOCTOR... BOLTED FROM THE INSIDE!

I'LL LOOK THROUGH THE KEY-HOLE...AND SEE WHAT'S GOING ON IN THERE!



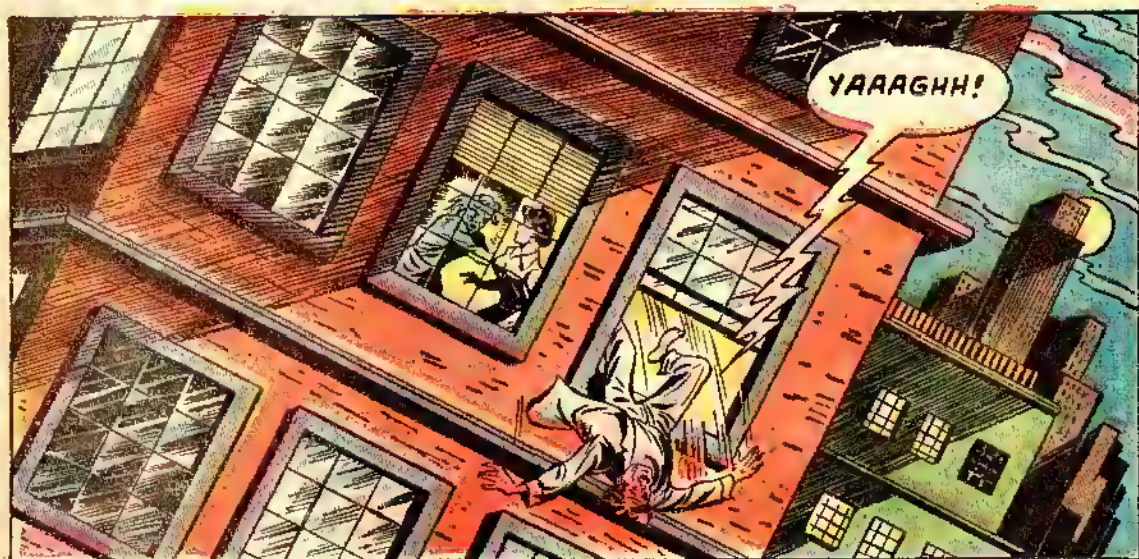


HOLY HANNAH  
...IT IS A GHOST!



GET AN AXE---  
WE'VE GOT TO  
STOP THAT AWFUL  
APPARITION!

CLAY'S GHOST! BUT  
AN AXE WON'T STOP HIM...  
I'VE GOT TO GET OUT  
OF HERE! THE WINDOW  
...IT'S MY ONLY  
CHANCE!

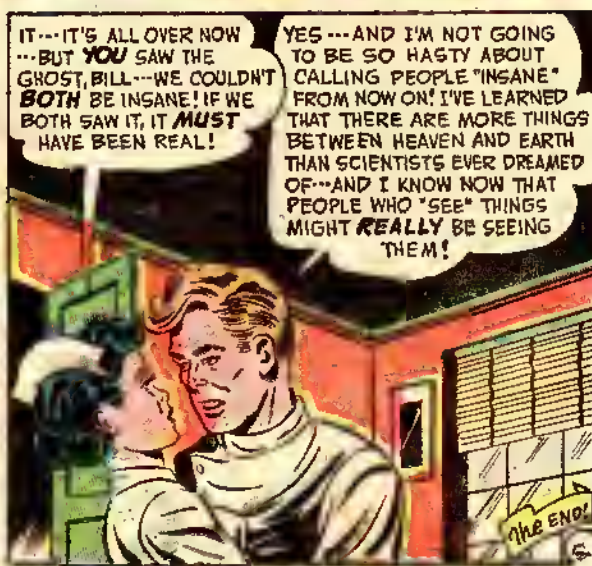


YAAAGHH!



JENNINGS!-- HE  
MUST HAVE DIED! I'M  
DISSOLVING---DISIN-  
TEGRATING---RETURN-  
ING TO THE BEYOND!  
AAARGNH!

CRASH!



IT---IT'S ALL OVER NOW  
...BUT **YOU** SAW THE  
GHOST, BILL---WE COULDN'T  
**BOTH** BE INSANE! IF WE  
BOTH SAW IT, IT **MUST**  
HAVE BEEN REAL!

YES---AND I'M NOT GOING  
TO BE SO HASTY ABOUT  
CALLING PEOPLE "INSANE"  
FROM NOW ON! I'VE LEARNED  
THAT THERE ARE MORE THINGS  
BETWEEN HEAVEN AND EARTH  
THAN SCIENTISTS EVER DREAMED  
OF---AND I KNOW NOW THAT  
PEOPLE WHO "SEE" THINGS  
MIGHT **REALLY** BE SEEING  
THEM!

THE END!



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# INHUMAN AGENT

"DR. STEVENS! COME here...quickly!" Turning from the pile of chest X-ray negatives in front of him, Dr. Frank Stevens walked over to the other end of the induction center examination room and smiled tolerantly at his younger colleague, for George Horner was gaping in stunned disbelief at a negative held in his trembling hands.

"What is it, George?" Dr. Stevens asked. "Find out that one of the draftees has a baby grand piano lodged in his esophagus?"

Dr. Horner's eyes were glazed as he lifted them from the negative. "It...it's incredible...impossible!" he muttered. "But maybe my eyes are playing tricks on me. You take a look at this, doctor, and tell me what it is."

The smile on Dr. Stevens' face froze into a grimace of shocked incredulity as he glanced at the negative Dr. Horner held out to him. "It...it must be a practical joke," he gasped. "One of the X-ray technicians must have played around with a couple of double exposures, and slipped this negative into the pile just as a gag! It...it's the only explanation!"

Dr. Horner breathed a sigh of relief as he eagerly accepted the older physician's line of reasoning. "Of course. I should have thought of that myself. But it certainly gave me a turn. Just think of a man with a metronome gadget for a heart... without kidneys or lungs or any other organs that a human needs to live!"

"Yes," Dr. Stevens grinned. "And just look at those fantastic, weird-shaped objects inside the chest cavity. The guy who thought up this gag certainly has an out-of-this-world imagination!"

"Out of this world...out of..." Dr. Horner suddenly gripped the older man's arm. "Listen! What you said just gave me an idea. What if this isn't a gag? Maybe that X-ray picture was taken of a creature that

seemed to be human enough on the outside...but one that actually came from out of this world?"

Dr. Stevens began to laugh contemptuously, but broke off as a sudden thought hit him. "That metronome...it would fit into your explanation! Look at the negative. The metronome is the only mechanical object...and it could have been placed inside the creature's body to duplicate the beating of a human heart and fool any doctor who examined it merely with a stethoscope!"

"Exactly!" Dr. Horner said. "The creature may be of a race that can duplicate a human being, right down to the heart-beat. But perhaps their technology is such that they have no conception of an X-ray machine which can look inside a body! We...we've got to find out if our hunch is right!"

Grimly, Dr. Stevens looked at the name attached to the X-ray print, and reached for a phone. "That X-ray was taken of an inductee named John Smith...a perfect name for anyone who wanted to merge with the crowd and pretend to be human. But this serial number will give the F. B. I. all the facts they need to trap him, if he...or it...hasn't already suspected that the physical examination was too revealing. Let's just pray that he hasn't taken a run-out powder and gone back to the world he came from, wherever *that* is!"

As wires began humming with orders to bring in this certain John Smith, a voice within the weird brain of the creature they were hunting spoke as if it came from many light years and many worlds away: "Agent G79DX of the planet Akor-Nab in the world of Karf, you are in great danger. Return instantly to your own planet and report what you have learned about life on the planet Earth in the world of Sol!"

And Agent G79DX, alias John Smith, obeyed.

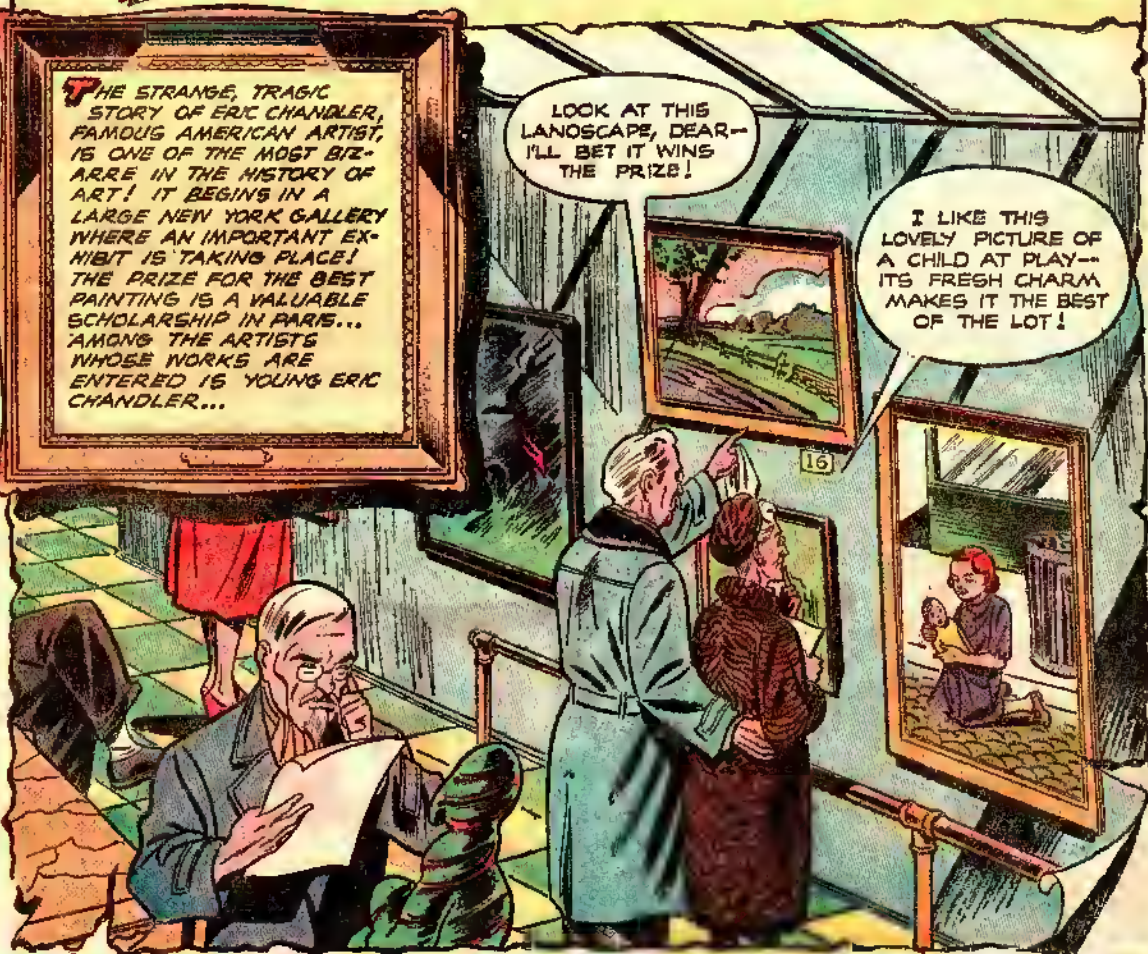


# The **PORTRAIT** *without a* **SOUL**

**T**HE STRANGE, TRAGIC STORY OF ERIC CHANDLER, FAMOUS AMERICAN ARTIST, IS ONE OF THE MOST BIZARRE IN THE HISTORY OF ART! IT BEGINS IN A LARGE NEW YORK GALLERY WHERE AN IMPORTANT EXHIBIT IS TAKING PLACE! THE PRIZE FOR THE BEST PAINTING IS A VALUABLE SCHOLARSHIP IN PARIS... AMONG THE ARTISTS WHOSE WORKS ARE ENTERED IS YOUNG ERIC CHANDLER...

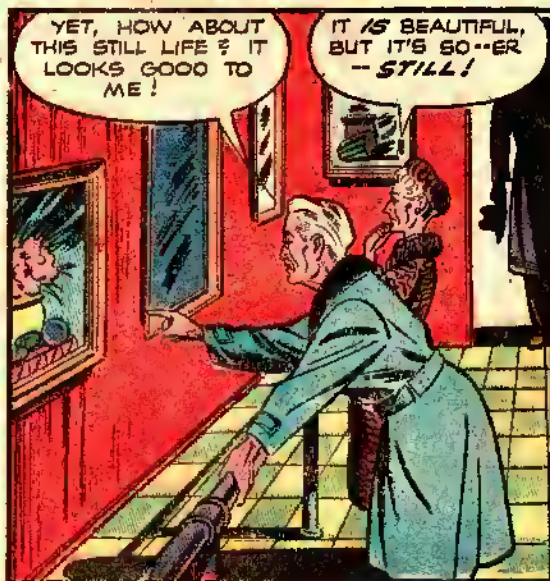
LOOK AT THIS LANDSCAPE, DEAR-- I'LL BET IT WINS THE PRIZE!

I LIKE THIS LOVELY PICTURE OF A CHILD AT PLAY-- ITS FRESH CHARM MAKES IT THE BEST OF THE LOT!



YET, HOW ABOUT THIS STILL LIFE? IT LOOKS GOOD TO ME!

IT IS BEAUTIFUL, BUT IT'S SO--ER --STILL!



GREAT SCOTT! WHO PAINTED THIS MONSTROSITY?--ERIC CHANDLER-- WELL, HE CERTAINLY DOESN'T STAND A CHANCE IN THE CONTEST!

HOW GRUESOME! WHAT A MORBID MIND HE MUST HAVE!





**B**UT THE TWO VISITORS WERE MISTAKEN--AS THE NEXT DAY'S NEWSPAPERS REVEALED!

**STATE E**

**ERIC CHANDLER WINS PARIS SCHOLARSHIP**

YOUNG NEW YORK ARTIST CREATES SENSATION WITH GRISLY EXHIBIT... ERIC CHANDLER, WHOSE WEIRDLY BEAUTIFUL ART IS WELL KNOWN IN THIS CITY, WILL SOON EM-BARK FOR PARIS, WHERE HE WILL STUDY UNDER THE FAMOUS PROFESSOR ROVET, FOR ONE YEAR. MISTER CHANDLER, WHO ENJOYS PAINTING THE GHOSTLY AND MACABRE, IS THE SON OF A WEALTHY FAMILY OF THE 'YLAG IT IS TI IF E/S' WITH LASY...

IT IN A VARIOUS MANNER...  
IS NOT TO MENTION...  
MOUTH THING...  
IN NY...

**S**OON AFTERWARD...

ERIC, DARLING--**MUST** YOU STUDY IN PARIS? I'LL MISS YOU DREADFULLY! AFTER ALL, YOU **CAN** AFFORD THE BEST TEACHERS HERE, YOU KNOW!

IT'S NOT A QUESTION OF **MONEY**, FRANCES! THE **PRESTIGE** IS IMPORTANT TO MY CAREER--I **MUST** GO!

BETTER HURRY, SON! THEY'RE READY TO RAISE THE GANGPLANK!

IT'S ONLY FOR A YEAR, SWEETHEART--WE'LL BE MARRIED AS SOON AS I RETURN!

I'LL BE WAITING!

**S**INCE IN PARIS, ERIC SETTLED DOWN TO A HARD SCHEDULE! HE DIDN'T WANT TO WASTE A MINUTE OF HIS PRECIOUS YEAR ABROAD!

AND NOW, STUDENTS, REGARD THIS UNUSUAL USE OF HIGHLIGHTS, S'IL VOUS PLAÎT!

**P**ROF. ROVET, THE GREAT FRENCH PAINTER, INSPECTED ERIC'S LATEST WORK...

MON DIEU! ERIC, THIS IS NOT **REAL ART**! WHY MUST YOU ALWAYS PAINT SUCH GHASTLY SUBJECTS? WHY NOT CHOOSE SOMETHING MORE CLASSICAL? YOU HAVE GREAT TALENT, BUT YOU WASTE IT ON--ON **NIGHTMARES**!

BUT--BUT WORK OF **THIS** SORT--

I'LL SHOW HIM! I'LL PAINT A PICTURE THAT EVEN **HE** WILL HAVE TO ADMIT IS **REAL ART**--AND IT **WON'T** BE CLASSICAL, EITHER!

**I**N MANY MONTHS FOLLOWED, WHILE ERIC WORKED IN SECRET...ON HIS MASTER-PIECE!

I'M EXHAUSTED, BUT IT'S ALMOST FINISHED!--AND THIS IS THE **BEST PAINTING** I'VE EVER DONE!







**A**LL THAT NIGHT, ERIC STARED AT THE PAINTING--THINKING HE WAS STILL DREAMING! ...BUT NO--MORNING FOUND THE VANISHED FIGURE STILL MISSING...



MAYBE--MAYBE SOMETHING IN THE PAINTS CAUSED THE MURDERER TO DISAPPEAR--AND YET, IN MY HEART I KNOW THAT CAN'T BE! I--I WISH I'D NEVER PAINTED THE GRISLY THING!

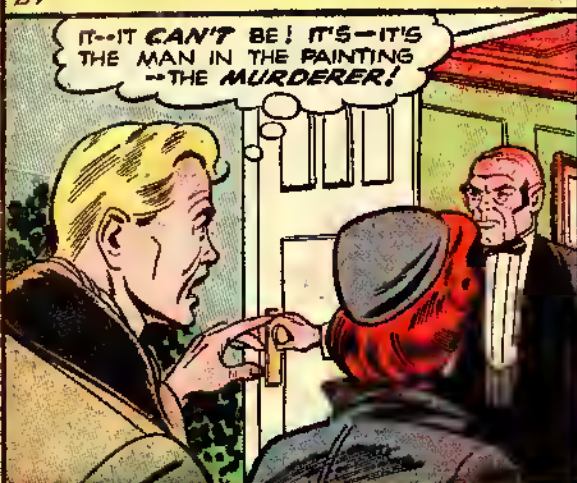
**B**UT THE STRANGE INCIDENT WAS BROWSED INTO THE BACK OF ERIC'S MIND AS HE SAILED FOR HOME, WAS GREETED BY HIS SWEETHEART AND FAMILY...



WELCOME BACK, DARLING! OH, HOW I'VE MISSED YOU!

ME, TOO, SWEET-HEART--IT WAS THE LONGEST YEAR OF MY LIFE!

**N**EXT STOP--HOME! BUT ERIC'S HAPPINESS WAS MARRED WHEN THE DOOR WAS OPENED BY--



IT--IT CAN'T BE! IT'S--IT'S THE MAN IN THE PAINTING--THE MURDERER!

OH, HIM? HE'S THE NEW BUTLER, PIERRE! GOT HIM LAST WEEK--FROM PARIS! CAME WELL RECOMMENDED, TOO! WHY, ERIC?--YOU SEEM AGITATED!

OH, IT'S NOTHING, FATHER--JUST THAT HE'S SO MUCH LIKE A FIGURE IN ONE OF MY PAINTINGS! NONSENSE, I GUESS--IT GOT ME FOR A MOMENT--I MUST BE IMAGINING THINGS!



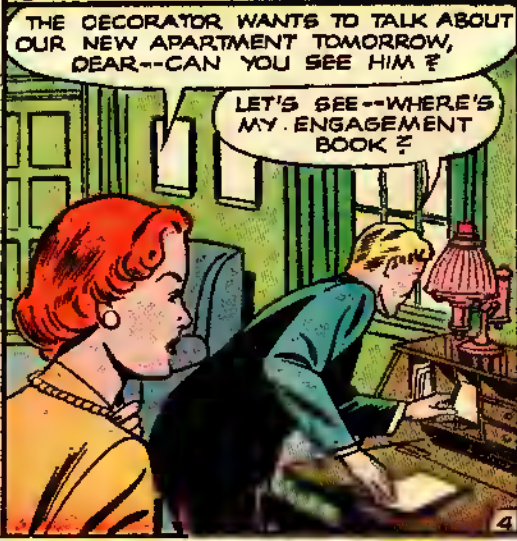
**B**UT NOW, PREPARATIONS FOR THE WEDDING TOOK UP ALL OF ERIC'S TIME! HE TRIED TO DISMISS PIERRE FROM HIS MIND...



YOU'RE A DEAR TO COME SHOPPING WITH ME, ERIC--MOST MEN HATE IT! IT SEEMS YOU'LL DO ANY-THING TO STAY AWAY FROM HOME--WHY?

ER--IT'S JUST THAT I WANT TO SEE AS MUCH OF YOU AS POSSIBLE, DARLING!

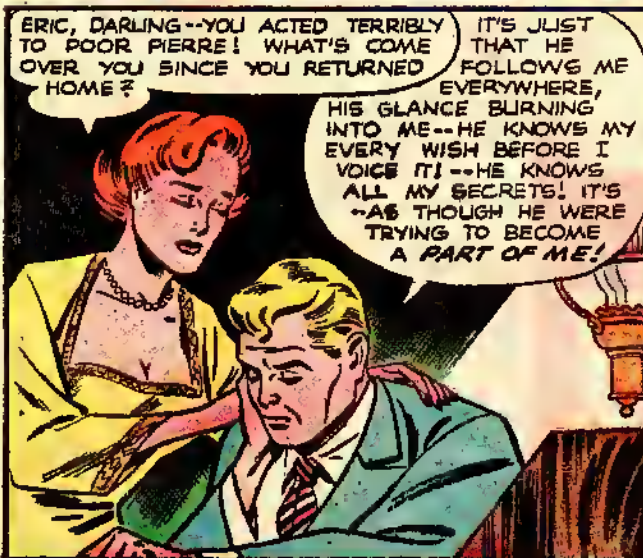
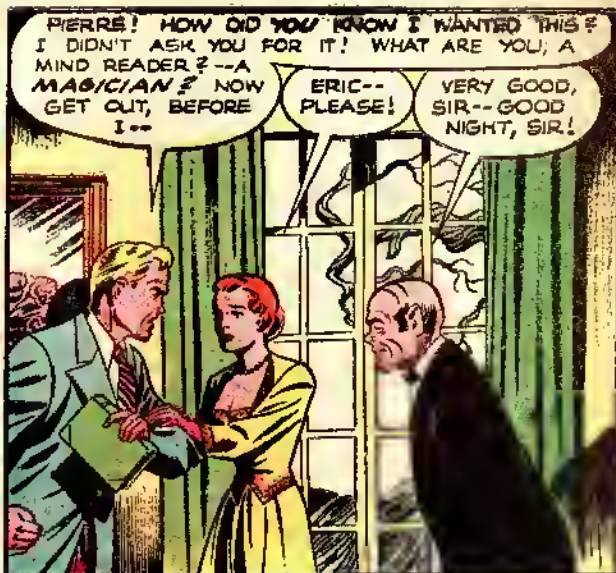
**T**HAT EVENING...



THE DECORATOR WANTS TO TALK ABOUT OUR NEW APARTMENT TOMORROW, DEAR--CAN YOU SEE HIM?

LET'S SEE--WHERE'S MY ENGAGEMENT BOOK?







**ERIC** PULLED HIMSELF TOGETHER, RETURNED TO THE CANVAS! PERHAPS, HE THOUGHT, IT WAS ALL IN HIS MIND--JUST IMAGINATION AGAIN! BUT HE RECOILED FROM WHAT HE SAW THERE!

GOOD HEAVENS! THAT'S NOT WHAT I PAINTED! THAT'S--**PIERRE'S** FACE!



AND NOW I'M POSITIVE--IT'S THE FACE OF THE MURDERER WHO DISAPPEARED FROM MY CANVAS! HE'S--**PIERRE!**

YOU WERE CALLING ME, SIR?



**YOU**--HOVERING AROUND, AS USUAL! HOW DID YOUR FACE GET ONTO THIS CANVAS?

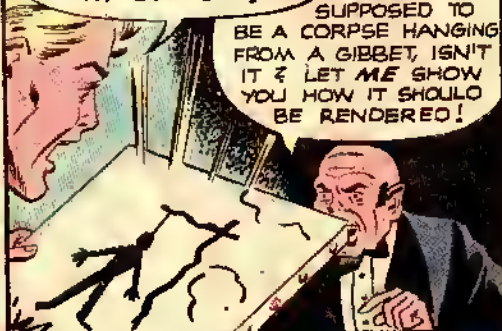
**MY** FACE? YOU'D BETTER LOOK AGAIN--YOUR NERVES ARE GETTING THE BEST OF YOU!



**ERIC** LOOKED AT THE PAINTING AGAIN--AND SAW--

I--I MUST HAVE BEEN DREAMING! IT'S THAT SAME CHILDISH, RIDICULOUS DAUBING I PUT THERE! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO MY **TALENT**, MY **GENIUS**?

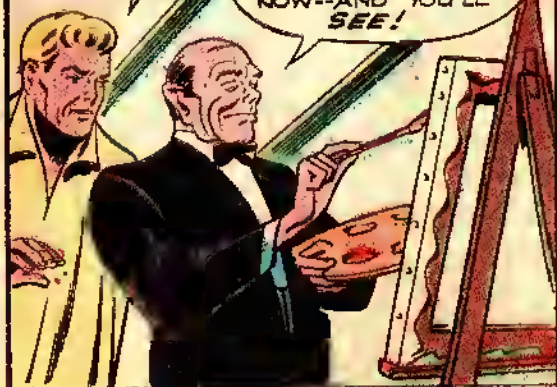
YOU HAVE ONLY ONE THING LEFT--YOUR CHOICE OF SUBJECT! IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE A CORPSE HANGING FROM A GIBBET, ISN'T IT? LET ME SHOW YOU HOW IT SHOULD BE RENDERED!



**TO** ERIC'S SURPRISE, **PIERRE** SEIZED HIS BRUSH, DIPPED IT INTO THE PAINT--THEN STARTED WORKING WITH DEFT, SURE STROKES!

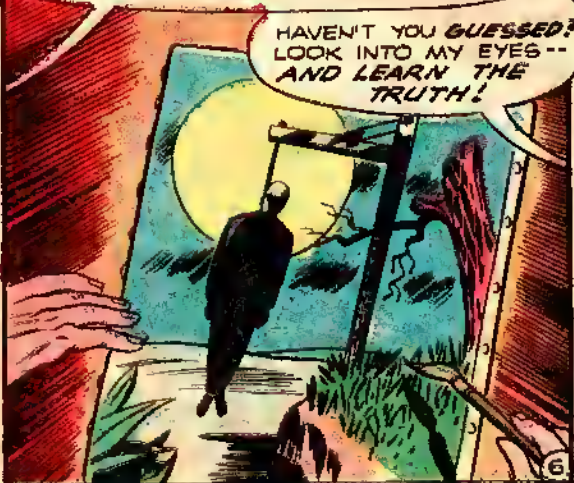
**PIERRE**--I DIDN'T KNOW YOU COULD PAINT!

THERE'S **MUCH** YOU HAVEN'T LEARNED ABOUT ME!--JUST A FEW MORE STROKES NOW--AND YOU'LL SEE!

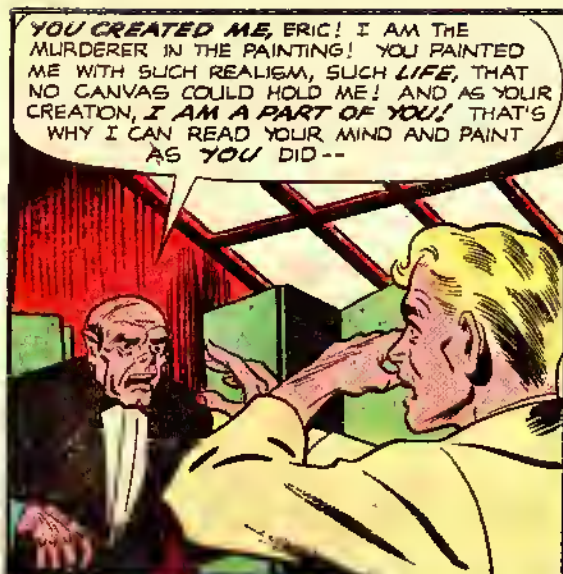


**NO!** THIS IS **IMPOSSIBLE!** MY STYLE! MY BRUSHWORK! MY COLORATION AND ATMOSPHERE! IT'S AS IF I HAD PAINTED IT--HOW COULD **YOU**--?

HAVEN'T YOU **GUESSED?** LOOK INTO MY EYES--AND LEARN THE TRUTH!







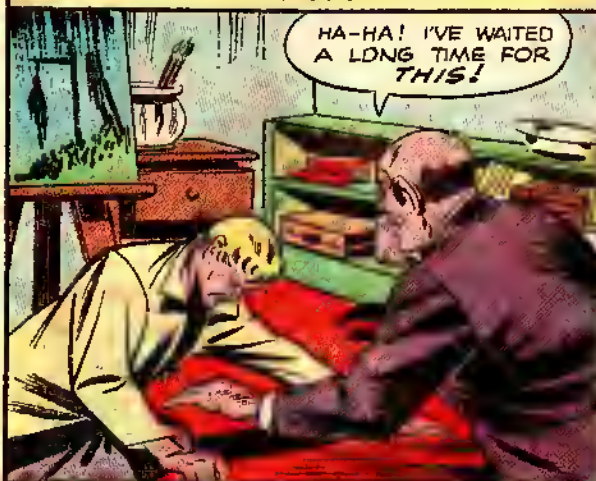
**YOU CREATED ME, ERIC! I AM THE MURDERER IN THE PAINTING! YOU PAINTED ME WITH SUCH REALISM, SUCH LIFE, THAT NO CANVAS COULD HOLD ME! AND AS YOUR CREATION, I AM A PART OF YOU! THAT'S WHY I CAN READ YOUR MIND AND PAINT AS YOU DID--**



**--BUT, ERIC--THERE IS SOMETHING YOU WERE NOT ABLE TO DO IN YOUR PAINTING--AND THAT IS, GIVE ME A SOUL! UNTIL I GET ONE, I CANNOT BE REAL, HUMAN! HOWEVER, THAT CAN BE REMEDIED--I AM TAKING YOUR SOUL!**

**NO--  
NO!**

**THE LONG STRAIN OF WORRY AND MENTAL AGONY NOW TOOK THEIR TOLL--AND ERIC CRASHED SENSELESSLY TO THE FLOOR!**



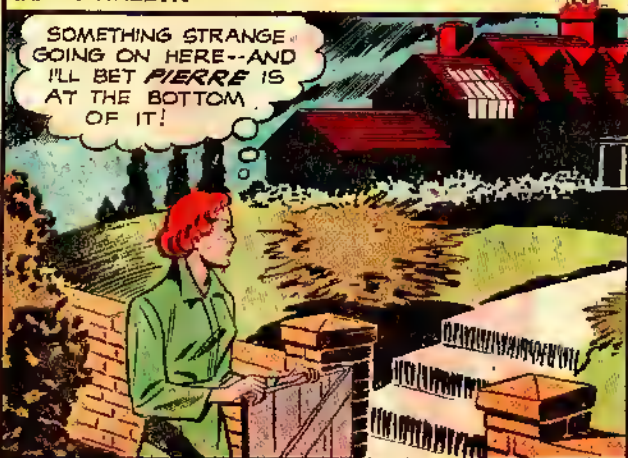
**HA-HA! I'VE WAITED A LONG TIME FOR THIS!**

**LATER--** IT'S A CLEAR CASE OF NERVOUS BREAKDOWN--OR WORSE! I'M WORRIED ABOUT THOSE FANTASTIC DELUSIONS OF HIS--THAT RAVING ABOUT THE BUTLER TRYING TO STEAL HIS SOUL! WE MUST BE PATIENT...



**HMM--MAYBE ERIC WASN'T JUST RAVING-- I THINK I'LL LOOK INTO THIS, MYSELF--**

**STAYING AT THE CHANDLER HOME TO BE NEAR ERIC, FRANCES NOTICED THAT NIGHT AFTER NIGHT A LIGHT BURNED IN ERIC'S STUDIO--LONG AFTER THE HOUSEHOLD HAD RETIRED...**



**SOMETHING STRANGE GOING ON HERE--AND I'LL BET PIERRE IS AT THE BOTTOM OF IT!**

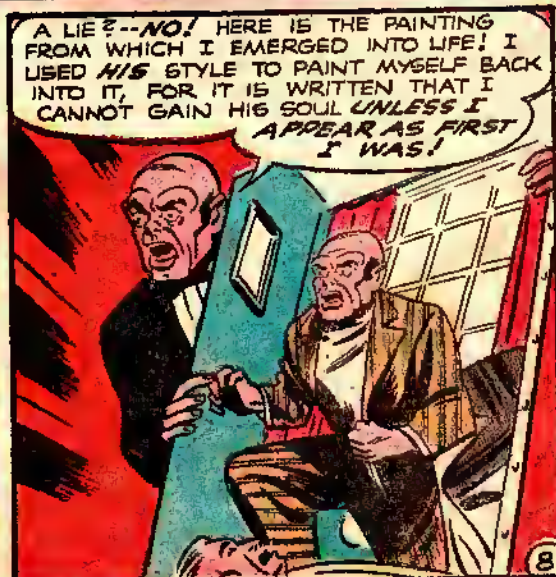
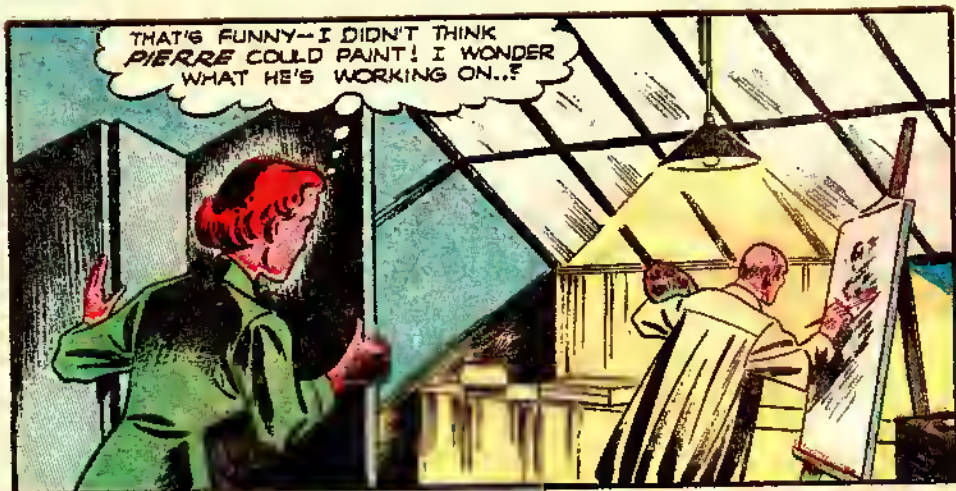
**AND SO, THE NEXT NIGHT--**



**GOOD--THERE'S NOBODY HERE! I'LL JUST HIDE BEHIND THAT SCREEN AND WAIT TO FIND OUT WHAT'S BEHIND ALL THIS!**



**SURE ENOUGH,**  
AT MID-  
NIGHT,  
PIERRE STOLE  
QUIETLY INTO  
THE STUDIO--  
AND TO  
FRANCES'  
ASTONISHMENT,  
BEGAN  
PAINTING  
AT ERIC'S  
EASEL!





**A**S PIERRE STALKED TOWARD HER, FRANCES REACHED FEARFULLY FOR THE PAINTING, WHICH HE HAD LAID ASIDE...

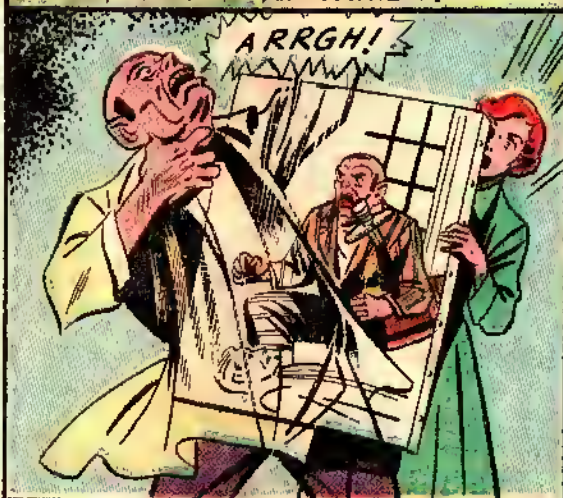
--UNFORTUNATELY, SINCE YOU'VE BUTTED INTO THIS, I MUST PUT YOU AWAY, FIRST!  
--THEN FOR THE STROKE THAT WILL MAKE ERIC'S SOUL MINE!



**T**HE MAN WITHOUT A SOUL STRUCK--



**H**ORRIFIED, FRANCES WATCHED PIERRE SUDDENLY FALL, SCREAMING--AND VANISH!



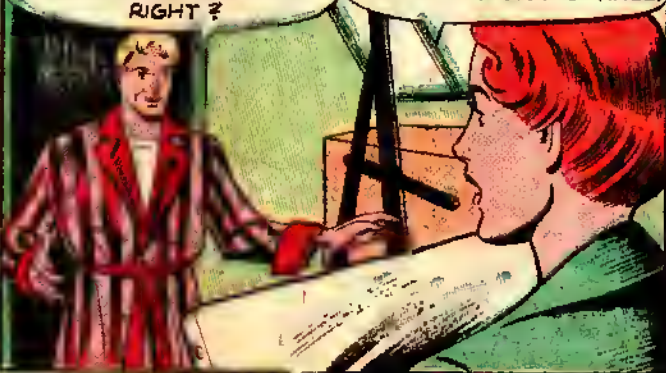
THE KNIFE THRUST THAT WOULD HAVE KILLED ME--THAT WOULD HAVE ROBBED ERIC OF HIS SOUL--HAS PIERCED THE HEART OF THE PICTURE FROM WHICH THE FIEND SPANG! THANK HEAVEN, HE'S GONE FOR GOOD NOW--DISAPPEARED INTO THE LIMBO FROM WHICH HE CAME!



**A**ND AT THAT MOMENT, ERIC, HIS STRENGTH AND SANITY SUDDENLY RETURNED COMPLETELY, RUSHED INTO THE STUDIO--

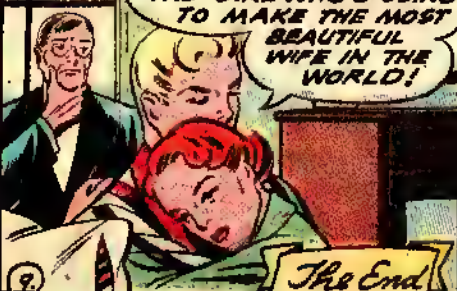
SWEETHEART--I JUST HAD A HORRIBLE DREAM! WHAT'S HAPPENED--ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

OF COURSE, DARLING-- I WAS JUST--ADMIRING ONE OF YOUR PAINTINGS!



**N**EXT DAY-- I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! YESTERDAY, ERIC, YOU SEEMED TO BE ON THE VERGE OF INSANITY! AND NOW--IT'S ALMOST AS THOUGH YOU'D GOT BACK THAT SOUL YOU WERE RAVING ABOUT!

I NEVER LOST IT, DOCTOR--NOT QUITE--THANKS TO THE GIRL WHO'S GOING TO MAKE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WIFE IN THE WORLD!



*The End*



EDITOR

# LET'S TALK IT OVER!

**H**ELLO AGAIN, READERS---and welcome to another meeting of the Loyal fans of "Adventures Into The Unknown"! It's a meeting of utmost importance this time---for your editor has special news for you. All set? Here goes! Effective as of now, we welcome a companion publication into our midst. That's right---we're bringing you a new magazine in addition to "Adventures Into The Unknown"---and its name is "Forbidden Worlds"!

You should feel as proud of this newcomer as we are---for it's you that are responsible for its creation. You started the ball rolling by the fine loyalty of your support to the "Unknown"---your letters helped make it the better, more challenging publication that it's become---your enthusiastic demands made us double the frequency of its issue, resulting in America's most gripping monthly magazine of the Supernatural. But that wasn't all! You wanted more of the thrilling fare we were providing; deluged us with mail proposing still another magazine on the order of this, your favorite. Well---you fans are the boss! You're getting what you wanted---and to prove it, we invite you to run, do not walk, to the nearest newsstand---and pick up your copy of "Forbidden Worlds"!

Read this spine-tingling newcomer from cover to cover, and tell us how you like it. There's one thing we absolutely guarantee, and that's supernatural thrills aplenty. All of the valuable experience we've gained in publishing "Adventures Into The Unknown", all the know-how achieved by learning your preferences---you'll find it in "Forbidden Worlds"! Glowing and attractive illustration---breathless and challenging stories of the forbidden worlds that lie buried deep behind the veil of known life---all of the ghosts, phantoms, specters you've gotten to know so well---they're all in "For-

bidden Worlds"! It's the magazine that dares to be different---dares to tell all---and you can't afford to miss it!

But now let's get back to this magazine---to "Adventures Into The Unknown", America's first all-supernatural comic---and your favorite! We've got big plans ahead for the "Unknown", too---plans which call for bringing you the greatest, most challenging supernatural fare you've ever read! In this issue, there's "Hunt From The Unknown", the tense tale of an apparition in an asylum. There's "The Portrait Without A Soul", the gripping story of a palating that came alive---of a ghostly killer without a soul! Then, for those of you who crave stories of the Living Dead, there's "The Zombies Prowl", thronging with strange and eerie happenings straight from the depths of the Unknown! For a change of fare, you'll read that thrill-laden "Journey Into Madness", and tense to as weird a science yarn as ever you've read! And finally, there's "The Ghost Writer"---a novel adventure into the supernatural which packs a potent punch! Taken together, they add up to a bangup issue---but wait until you see our next! "Adventures Into The Unknown" will hit a new high, so don't forget to be on hand!

Won't you please write us, telling us what you think of this month's story lineup? Remember, we count on your letters! It's our usual custom to reproduce as many of them as we have room for in these columns---and if you miss their presence in this number, it's only because we were compelled to consume the necessary space in bringing the news of the advent of our new companion magazine. But we promise to make up for it next month---by running more letters from readers than ever before! Until then---goodbye!

--The Editor



# the **POPSICLE TWINS**

## HELP THE SHERIFF

**TESS AND TIM CAPTURE THE BANK ROBBERS**

THIS "POPSICLE" CANDID CAMERA'S A HONEY!

TIM—THOSE MEN!

BANK ROBBERS!

STONE CITY BANK

I GOT 'EM IN MY VIEWFINDER!

WE'LL GET IT DEVELOPED AT THE DRUGSTORE!

HERE'S A PICTURE OF THOSE BANK ROBBERS!

WHY, THEY'RE HOLDING THOSE VARMINTS AT DEADWOOD-- KIDS, YOU GOT YOURSELF A REWARD!

YOU TWINS WON AN EXCITING REWARD!

YOU CAN GET LOTS OF REWARDING GIFTS BY SAVING "POPSICLE" BAGS WITH THE POLKA DOTS!

# GET SWELL GIFTS—SAVE BAGS WITH POLKA DOTS!

or any on-a-stick confection bag that reads: "POPSICLE PETE" & SAVE THESE BAGS FOR GIFTS



**#24 CANDID CAMERA**  
New candid camera with view-finder. Snapshots or time exposures. 16 photos per roll. Also takes color film. Easy to work.

525 BAGS or \$1.70 & 25 BAGS

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Exotic string of simulated pearls, 17" long with fashionable clasp.

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3 coiled snakes each with glowing eyes. A lucky charm that fits any finger.

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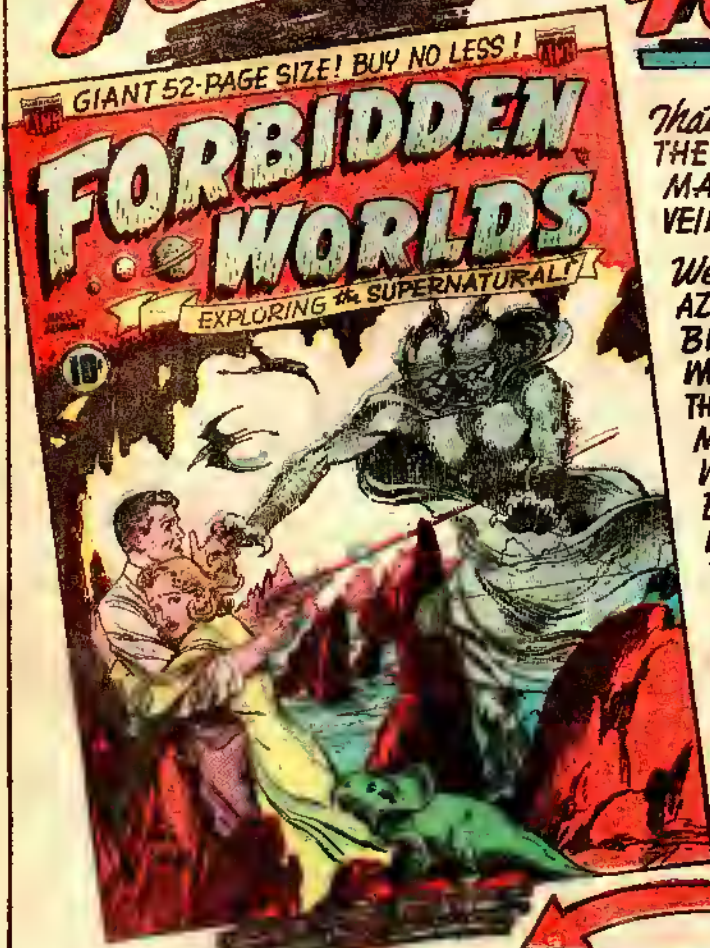
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# Forbidden...yet YOURS!



That's "FORBIDDEN WORLDS"...  
THE THRILLING NEW COMICS  
MAGAZINE THAT LIFTS THE  
VEIL OF FORBIDDEN KNOWLEDGE!

We DARE YOU TO READ THIS MAG-  
AZINE--TO VENTURE INTO FOR-  
BIDDEN WORLDS--UNKNOWN  
WORLDS! READ IT--AND WATCH  
THE SUPERNATURAL COME ALIVE!  
MEET GHOSTS, ZOMBIES, WERE-  
WOLVES, VAMPIRES--CHILL TO  
BLACK MAGIC FROM BEYOND  
LIFE ITSELF--GASP AT STRANGER  
THINGS THAN EVER THE MIND  
OF MAN CONCEIVED!

9¢ ALL HERE FOR YOU IN  
THE ONE MAGAZINE THAT  
DARES TO BE DIFFERENT  
--THAT DARES TO TELL  
ALL! FOR THE THRILL-TIME  
OF A LIFETIME, READ

## FORBIDDEN WORLDS

EXPLORING the SUPERNATURAL!

**10¢**  
on all  
STANDS

The great new companion to "ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!"



# The ZOMBIES PROWL

THERE'S THE TOLTEC PYRAMID OF TEOTIHUACAN, BUT WHAT CAN YOU HOPE TO FIND THERE, WHEN I AND OTHER EXPERTS ON TOLTEC ARCHAEOLOGY HAVE SEARCHED AND FOUND NOTHING!

I EXPECT TO FIND **PLENTY**, JUANITA! THAT TOLTEC STRUCTURE HAS AN AMAZING SIMILARITY TO THE ANCIENT EGYPTIAN PYRAMIDS, WHICH I'M AN EXPERT ON-- AND I'M SURE THERE MUST BE SOME STRANGE CONNECTION BETWEEN THEM!



THE NEXT TIME YOU'RE IN THE MEXICAN VALLEY OF TEOTIHUACAN, READER, PAY A VISIT TO THE GREAT TOLTEC PYRAMID-- ONE OF THE MOST BAFFLING AND MYSTERIOUS MARVELS EVER TO PLAGUE THE MINDS OF MEN! THE ANCIENT, UNWRITTEN SECRETS OF PYRAMID BUILDING HAD DIED OUT IN EGYPT 4,000 YEARS BEFORE THE TOLTEC PYRAMID WAS BUILT-- SO WHO COULD HAVE LIVED FOR FORTY CENTURIES TO HAND THOSE SECRETS TO PRIMITIVE TOLTECS? WHO, BUT ONE OF THE LEGION OF THE LIVING DEAD?

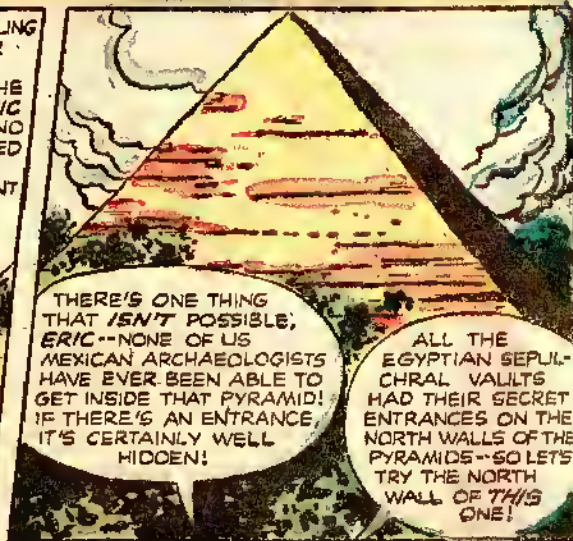
I'M SORRY THE MEXICAN BUREAU OF ANTIQUITIES EVER ASSIGNED ME TO ACCOMPANY YOU, SEÑOR HODGES! YOU MUST BE MAD TO THINK THAT THERE COULD BE ANY CONNECTION BETWEEN EGYPTIAN PYRAMIDS BUILT AROUND 3,000 B.C. AND THIS PYRAMID, WHICH WAS BUILT IN 1,000 A.D.!

STOP CALLING ME SEÑOR HODGES, HONEY-- THE NAME'S ERIC TO YOU! AND IF YOU'D DELVED INTO THE MYSTERIES OF ANCIENT EGYPT THE WAY I HAVE, YOU'D KNOW THAT ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE!

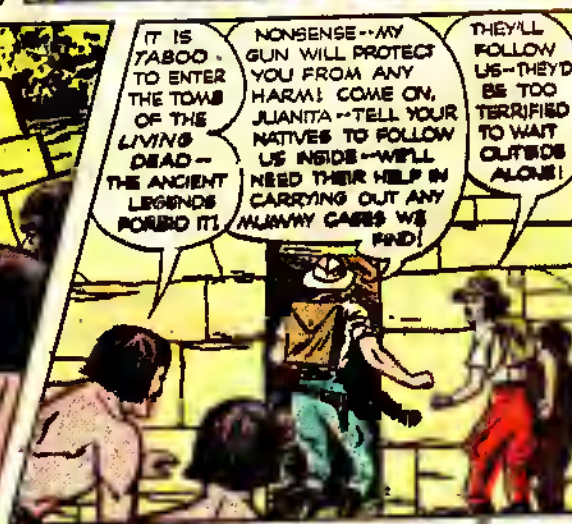
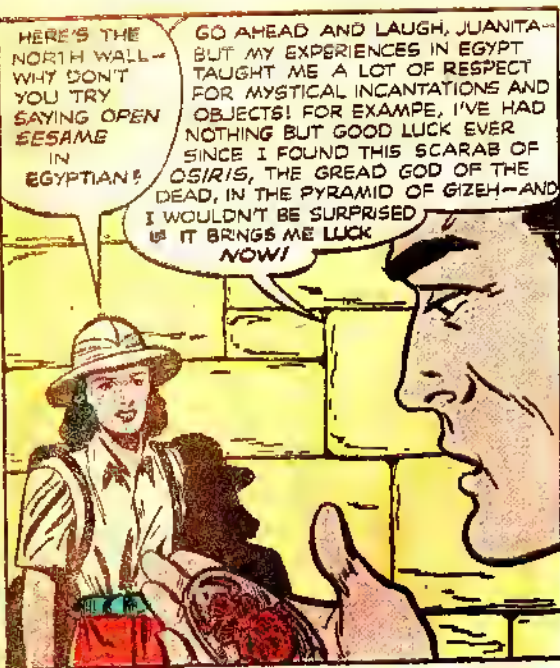


THERE'S ONE THING THAT **ISN'T** POSSIBLE, ERIC--NONE OF US MEXICAN ARCHAEOLOGISTS HAVE EVER BEEN ABLE TO GET INSIDE THAT PYRAMID! IF THERE'S AN ENTRANCE, IT'S CERTAINLY WELL HIDDEN!

ALL THE EGYPTIAN SEPULCHRAL VALUITS HAD THEIR SECRET ENTRANCES ON THE NORTH WALLS OF THE PYRAMIDS--SO LET'S TRY THE NORTH WALL OF THIS ONE!









THIS...THIS IS INCREDIBLE! THESE PRIESTLY CLOTHES WERE WORN ONLY BY HIGH EGYPTIANS OF THE IXTH DYNASTY WHICH MAKES THIS CHARACTER AT LEAST 5,000 YEARS OLD--BUT THIS IS SUCH A PERFECT CASE OF EMBALMING THAT HE ALMOST SEEMS ALIVE!--JUANITA--COME HERE AND TAKE A LOOK AT THIS!



BUT AS JUANITA RECOILS FROM THE SHOCKINGLY EVIL FACE OF THE ANCIENT EGYPTIAN

ONHH!

LOOK OUT! YOU'RE BUMPING AGAINST THE GONG!



INSTANTLY...

FOOLS--YOU HAVE SOUNDED THE SACRED GONG OF SETESH, THE GOD OF EVIL! YOU MUST DIE FOR BREAKING THE SPELL OF THE LIVING DEAD!



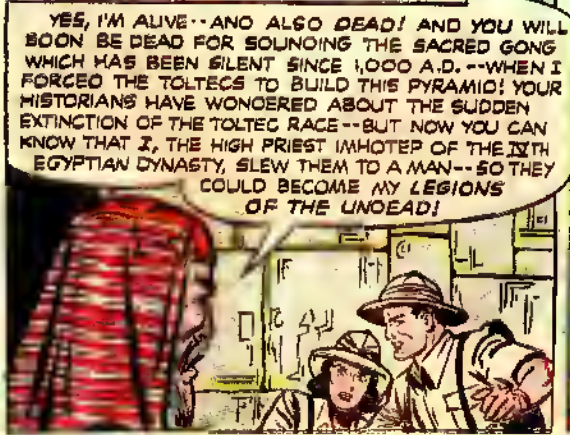
A ZOMBIE--A ZOMBIE! HE HAS BEEN AWAKENED FROM THE LIVING DEAD! FLEE!

ERIC-- HE'S...HE'S ALIVE!

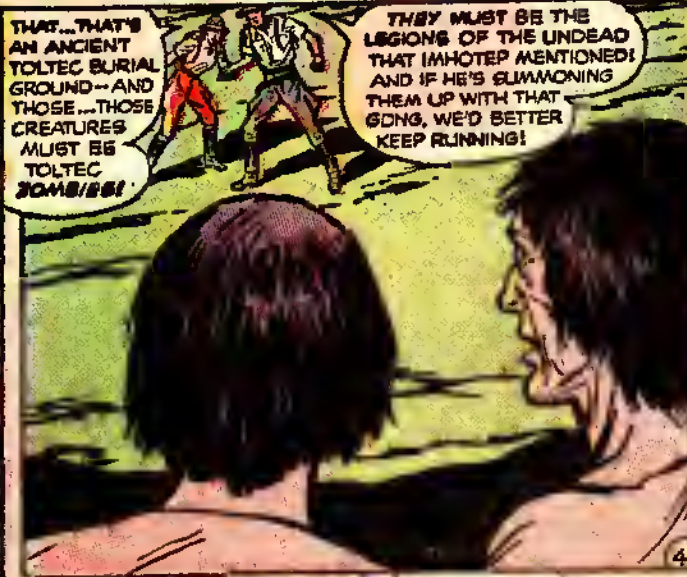


FOR A THOUSAND YEARS THE DEAD WERE SUPPOSED TO SLEEP UNTIL THE SACRED GONG SOUNDED AND WAKENED THEM IN 2,000 A.D.! BUT NOW THAT THEY HAVE BEEN AROUSED FIFTY YEARS BEFORE THEIR APPOINTED TIME, THEY WILL BE MINDLESS--UNLESS YOU WHO AWOKE THEM PREMATURELY ARE SACRIFICED ON THE ALTAR OF SETESH!

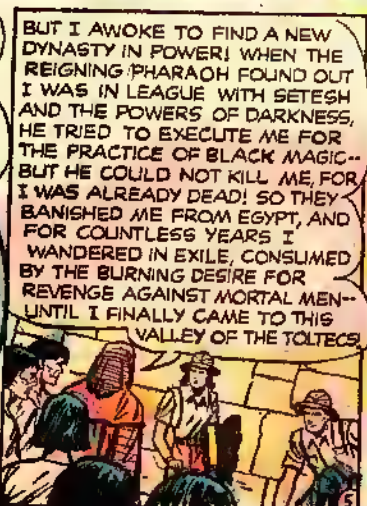
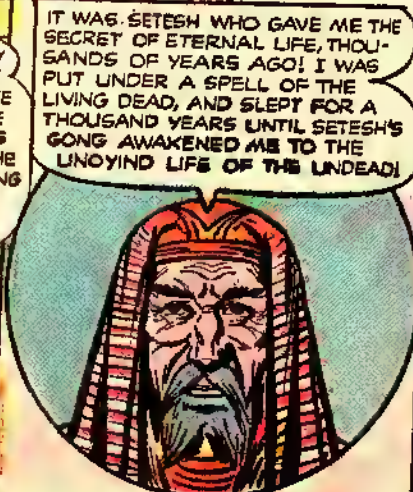
YES, I'M ALIVE--AND ALSO DEAD! AND YOU WILL SOON BE DEAD FOR SOUNDING THE SACRED GONG WHICH HAS BEEN SILENT SINCE 1,000 A.D.--WHEN I FORCED THE TOLTECS TO BUILD THIS PYRAMID! YOUR HISTORIANS HAVE WONDERED ABOUT THE SUDDEN EXTINCTION OF THE TOLTEC RACE--BUT NOW YOU CAN KNOW THAT I, THE HIGH PRIEST IMHOTEP OF THE IXTH EGYPTIAN DYNASTY, SLEW THEM TO A MAN--SO THEY COULD BECOME MY LEGIONS OF THE UNDEAD!













MY KNOWLEDGE OF BLACK MAGIC GAVE ME COMPLETE POWER OVER THE SUPERSTITIOUS TOLTECS--AND I SAW MY CHANCE TO GAIN A VAST ARMY OF THE LIVING DEAD! I SLEW THEM THROUGH SETESH'S MAGIC SPELL--AND I ONLY HAD TO WAIT FIFTY MORE YEARS BEFORE THEY WOULD ARISE--WITH ALL OF SETESH'S EVIL KNOWLEDGE IN THEIR MINDS! YEA, I WOULD HAVE COUNTLESS THOUSANDS OF INDESTRUCTIBLE SORCERERS TO DO MY BIDDING--TO WIPE OUT ALL HUMANITY....



...IF YOU HADN'T AWAKENED THEM BEFORE THEIR MINDS WERE FULLY REBORN! BUT KILLING YOU WILL APPEASE THE GOD OF EVIL AND RENEW THE SPELL--SO PREPARE TO DIE WHILE I PERFORM THE SACRED RITES OF SACRIFICE WITH THE MAGICAL SCARAB OF SETESH!



KHESERU  
HOREMMHEB  
SETESH  
AMAKH..

THAT'S THE INCANTATION FROM THE FOURTH BOOK OF EVIL--AND THE ONLY THING THAT'S SUPPOSED TO HAVE THE POWER OF COUNTER-ACTING IT IS THE OLD CHANT FROM OSIRIS'S BOOK OF THE DEAD! IF I CAN ONLY GET OUT THE SACRED SCARAB OF OSIRIS BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!



THE--THE  
SACRED  
SCARAB  
OF  
OSIRIS!

YES, AND OSIRIS WAS THE GREAT GOD OF THE DEAD--THE MOST POWERFUL GOD OF ALL! HEAR ME, OSIRIS--SEND OUT THY MIGHTY POWERS FROM THE VALLEY OF THE SHADES TO CRUSH THE EVIL MAGIC OF SETESH, WHO WOULD USURP THY POWERS AND RULE THE EARTH!



THE SCARAB--IT'S BURNING ME--BLINDING ME! HEAR ME, O SETESH--HELP THY EVIL SERVANT IN HIS HOUR OF NEED!

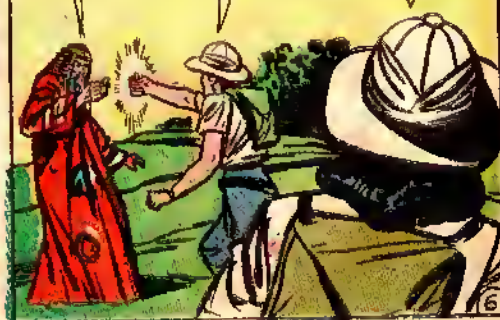
IT'S NO USE, IMHOTEP--EVEN IN THE ANCIENT LEGEND OF THE GODS, SETESH COULD NEVER STAND UP AGAINST THE DREAD OSIRIS!--DRIVE THE EVIL ONE BACK, OSIRIS--HE BELONGS IN THY PROVINCE OF THE DEAD, NOT IN SETESH'S LAND OF THE LIVING UNDEAD!



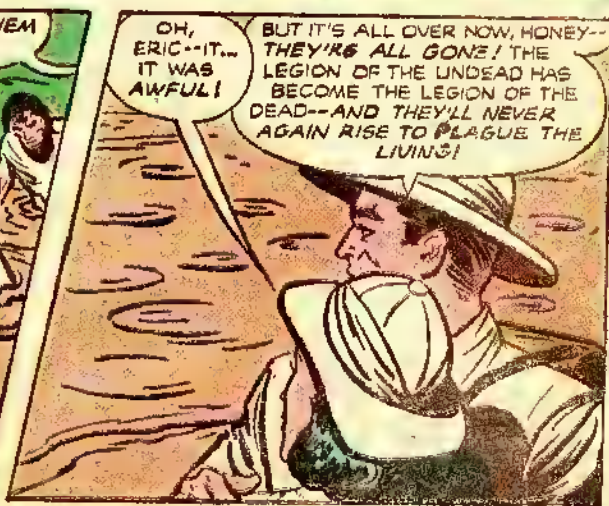
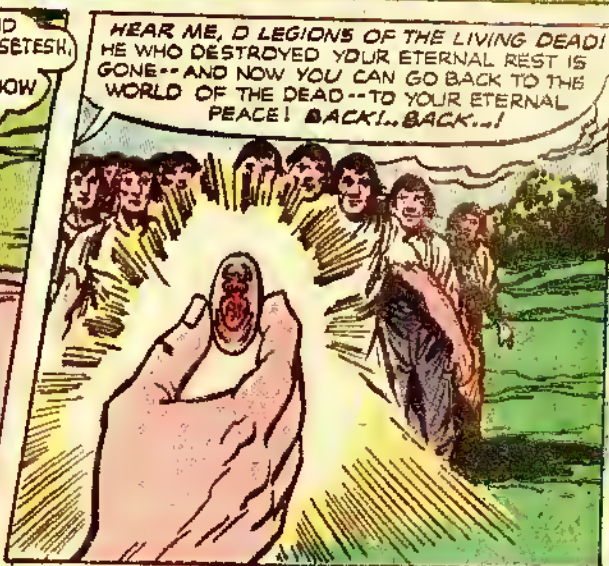
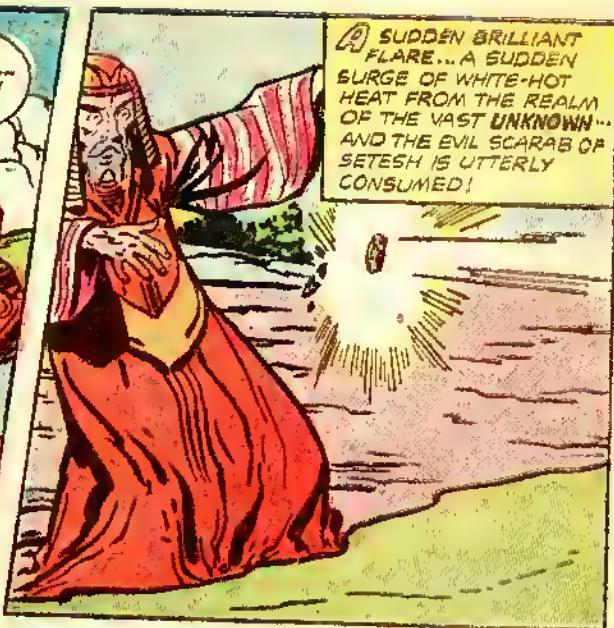
HELP  
ME--SAVE  
ME!

NOTHING CAN HELP YOU NOW--YOU'RE GOING BACK TO THE REALM OF THE DEAD WHERE YOU BELONG! BACK! BACK!

ERIC IS FORCING HIM RIGHT BACK ON--TO THE EDGE OF THE QUICK-SAND AREA!









# The Gigantic FOOTSTEP

“BUT I TELL you, doctor, I'm not insane...I actually saw it all! I can remember it as plainly as if it happened just an hour ago! I can even recall how chilly it was in the early October morning along Folly Beach. It was unseasonably cool for that time of year in Charleston, so we had the beach all to ourselves...just the eight of us, four couples. We had always prided ourselves on being the last ones to stop swimming in the chilly Carolina waters each Autumn, and this was to be our last beach party of the year. And it was the last party, for everyone but me!

“Dawn was just breaking as we parked the car right on the deserted beach, and we decided to wait for the sun to come up before taking our first dip. We were all sitting at the edge of an odd, curve-shaped depression in the sand...one that we'd never noticed before. When the first rays of the sun lit up the beach, Stella looked around and cried out, 'Oh, look---this indentation in the sand resembles a gigantic toe!'

“We all laughed at her for such a bizarre flight of fancy. But then Paul said, 'Say, she's right---if you stand up you can see even more toe-shaped impressions in the sand!'

“Then it came, strange discovery after discovery! First we found that they were toe-prints, for close examination showed the whorls and curlicues of each toe pressed distinctly into the sand. But instead of being a minute fraction of an inch apart, as in the human toe, the whorls of these gigantic toe-prints were inches apart---and the big toe was fully ten feet wide! Then Ellen, running along on the ridge of the depressions, counted the toes---and found there were six of them!

“Sooo, we made even more astonishing

discoveries. The actual length of the footprint, from heel to toe, was over 100 feet, and the width was over 40 feet! We all stood paralyzed with fear, wondering what terrible being had left such a footprint in the sand. Then I made the decision that was to save my life!

“I began running up the beach towards the road, calling back over my shoulder that I was going to phone the police and let them unravel the mystery. I paused as I reached the road, and turned to tell them to get away from the spot, in case the monster returned. But the words froze on my lips at the sight that met my eyes. All seven of my friends were gathered around in a tight knot, staring down at the footprint---while above them, a monstrous foot was descending from the sky!

“I could cast only a quick, terrified glance at the awesome and enormous creature striding in from the ocean towards the beach---because a moment later the incredible foot had descended on my seven friends and crushed them into pulp---and I was fleeing in sheer horror.

“But I looked back once more, just long enough to see a beastly hand raise the seven mangled bodies up to a horribly evil and gigantic face that seemed to leer down from the very clouds themselves. And the last thing I remember was seeing that enormous mouth gape open to receive the bodies!

“I...I guess I must've fainted then, because the next thing I knew, I was babbling my story to a couple of ambulance interns who were carrying me in a stretcher. But they shouldn't have taken me to the psychotic ward---because I *did* really see it all! I know there's no evidence. The monster probably smoothed out the beach before he left. But it did happen---it DID!”



# "U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS  
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"BEATING THE  
BEACH BARRAGE"

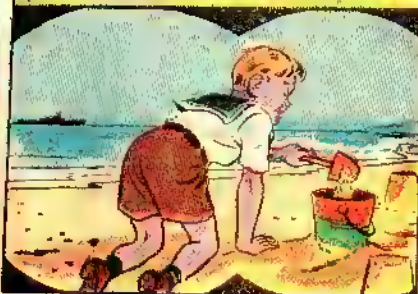


U.S. ROYAL  
AND THE  
BIKE CLUB  
BOYS WATCH  
FROM A SAFE  
DISTANCE AS  
A GROUP OF  
NAVY  
DESTROYERS  
AND  
CRUISERS  
STEAM IN FOR  
FIRING  
PRACTICE...

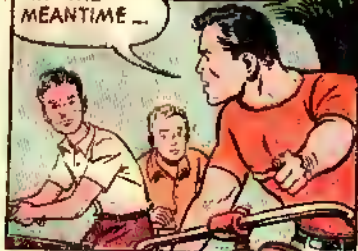


IN A FEW MOMENTS NOW,  
THE SHIPS WILL MOVE IN  
AT FLANK SPEED AND LAY  
DOWN A BARRAGE ON  
THAT DESERTED SHORE...

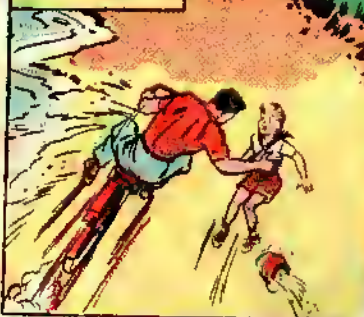
BUT SUDDENLY, THROUGH HIS GLASSES,  
ROYAL SEES THAT THE SHORE IS  
NOT QUITE DESERTED!



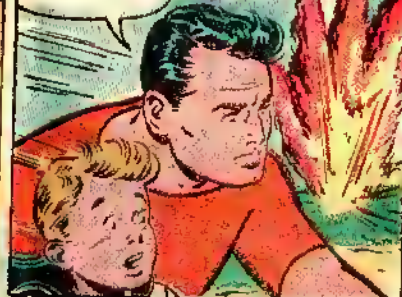
YOU FELLAS BIKE BACK TO THE  
NAVAL STATION FAST AND GET  
THEM TO WARN THOSE SHIPS!  
I'M GOING AFTER THAT KID  
IN THE  
MEANTIME...



WITH SUPER JET-SPEED, ROYAL  
STREAKS DOWN TO THE TARGET  
AREA AND--



PHWEW! LUCKY FOR US I MADE  
IT, JUNIOR-- 'CAUSE IT LOOKS  
LIKE THE BOYS WERE  
TOO LATE!



JUST AS WE  
GOT TO THE  
RADIO-ROOM,  
WE HEARD THE  
FIRST SALVO!

YOU DID ALL  
RIGHT, BOYS... AND  
A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY  
WAS AVOIDED--  
THANKS  
TO ROYAL!

ROYAL BIKE TIRES,  
YOU MEAN... THAT'S  
WHERE THE SPEED  
CAME IN!



FELLAS, FOR REAL SPEED, YOU  
WANT A TIRE THAT COMBINES  
SAFETY AND EASY PEDALING. TRY  
U.S. ROYALS, WITH THE SPECIAL  
BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN. THERE'S  
EXTRA MILEAGE IN  
THEM, TOO!



SPLIT-SECOND STOPS...  
FIRM FOOTING... AND PERFECT  
CONTROL ARE AT YOUR FOOT-  
TIPS WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON  
U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH  
THE SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID  
CHAIN. BE SURE YOUR NEXT  
TIRES ARE ROYALS!



## U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES



Products of  
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY



# UNCANNY MYSTERIES

THE MYSTERIOUS MR. HOME

ONE OF THE STRANGEST FIGURES OF HISTORY WAS DANIEL DOUGLAS HOME... A MAN POSSESSED OF WEIRD, UNCANNY POWERS! HOME WAS BORN IN EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND, IN 1833... AND HE FIRST CAME TO THE ATTENTION OF AN ASTONISHED WORLD IN 1867, WHEN HE PERFORMED SOME UNBELIEVABLE EXPERIMENTS IN THE PRESENCE OF SUCH DISTINGUISHED WITNESSES AS LORD ADARE AND CORRESPONDENTS FOR THE BRITISH DAILY TELEGRAPH!

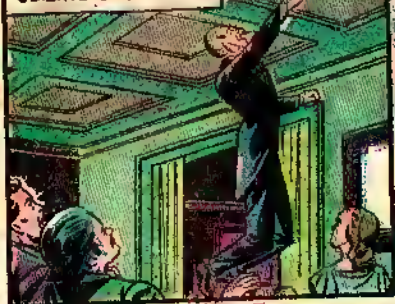
I... I CAN SCARELY BELIEVE MY EYES... HE'S ACTUALLY BATHING HIS FACE IN FIRE!



WHEN THE EXPERIMENT WAS OVER, HOME HAD PROVEN TO EVERYONE'S SATISFACTION THAT HE COULD TOUCH AND HANDLE FIRE WITH IMPUNITY... FOR HIS FACE WASN'T EVEN SINGED!



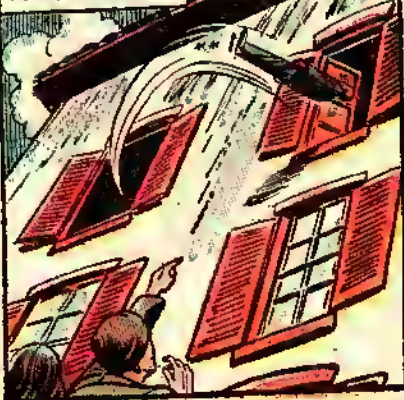
IN THE YEARS THAT FOLLOWED, HOME SUCCEEDED IN ASTOUNDING TWO CONTINENTS... AND IN THE PRESENCE OF SUCH ILLUSTRIOUS GUESTS AS THE EMPRESS EUGENIE, COUNT ALEXIS TOLSTOY, ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, THACKERAY, AND NAPOLEON III, HE OFTEN ROSE STRAIGHT UPWARD UNTIL HE COULD MAKE A CHALK MARK ON THE HIGH CEILING OF A ROOM!



ON SCORES OF OCCASIONS, HE ALLOWED THOSE PRESENT TO PASS THEIR HANDS AROUND HIM WHILE HE FLOATED IN MID-AIR... AND NOT ONCE DID ANYONE FIND EVIDENCE OF ANY HIDDEN WIRES OR OTHER CHICANERY!



ONCE, THE AMAZING MR. HOME EVEN FLOATED OUT OF A WINDOW, SEVENTY FEET ABOVE THE GROUND, AND CASUALLY FLOATED BACK IN THROUGH ANOTHER WINDOW!

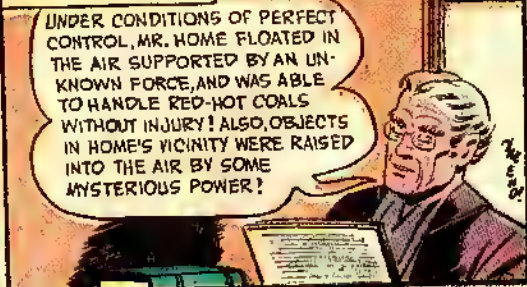


IN ADDITION TO POSSESSING THE POWER OF LEVITATION, HOME COULD ALSO MAKE HEAVY PIECES OF FURNITURE RISE INTO THE AIR BY SOME UNKNOWN POWER!



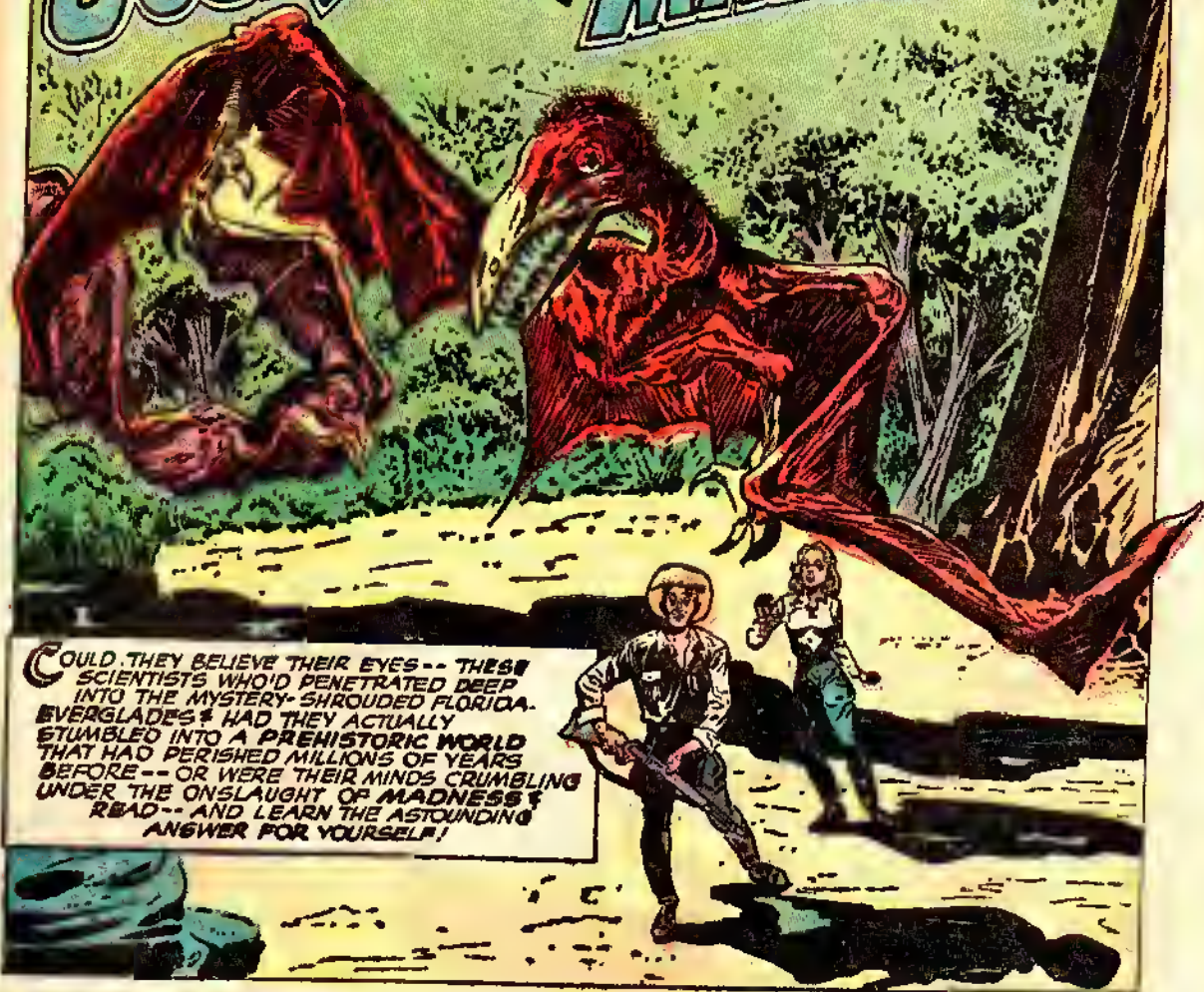
BRITISH SCIENTISTS WHO WERE SKEPTICAL OF HOME'S POWERS DECIDED TO SUBJECT THE MAN TO A SERIES OF RIGOROUS SCIENTIFIC TESTS... AND CHOSE FOR THE JOB ONE OF THE MOST BRILLIANT PHYSICISTS OF THE AGE, SIR WILLIAM CROOKES, THE INVENTOR OF THE CROOKES X-RAY TUBE! AND ON JULY 1, 1871, CROOKES MADE HIS HISTORY-MAKING STATEMENT...

UNDER CONDITIONS OF PERFECT CONTROL, MR. HOME FLOATED IN THE AIR SUPPORTED BY AN UNKNOWN FORCE, AND WAS ABLE TO HANDLE RED-HOT COALS WITHOUT INJURY! ALSO, OBJECTS IN HOME'S VICINITY WERE RAISED INTO THE AIR BY SOME MYSTERIOUS POWER!

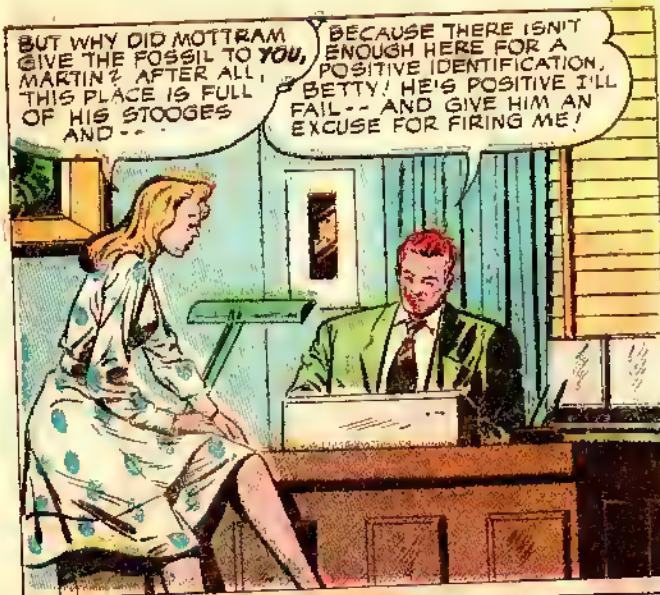




# JOURNEY *into* MADNESS







BUT WHY DID MOTTRAM GIVE THE FOSSIL TO YOU, MARTIN? AFTER ALL, THIS PLACE IS FULL OF HIS STOOGES AND --

BECAUSE THERE ISN'T ENOUGH HERE FOR A POSITIVE IDENTIFICATION, BETTY! HE'S POSITIVE I'LL FAIL -- AND GIVE HIM AN EXCUSE FOR FIRING ME!

BUT I'VE GOT A HUNCH THE EMINENT PROFESSOR MOTTRAM IS IN FOR THE SURPRISE OF HIS LIFE! I'LL IDENTIFY THIS HUNK OF CLAY YET! COME ON, ASSISTANT -- WE'VE GOT HARD WORK AHEAD OF US!



AFTER HOURS OF WEARY LABOR --

BUT YOUR CONCLUSION'S FANTASTIC! AFTER ALL, MOTTRAM'S BEEN IN THE FIELD FOR 40 YEARS --

I DON'T CARE IF HE'S BEEN IN IT 400 YEARS! THESE REMAINS ARE DEFINITELY NOT PLANT FOSSILS -- AND I THINK I KNOW WHAT THEY ARE!

AND IF HE SAYS IT'S A PLANT FOSSIL --

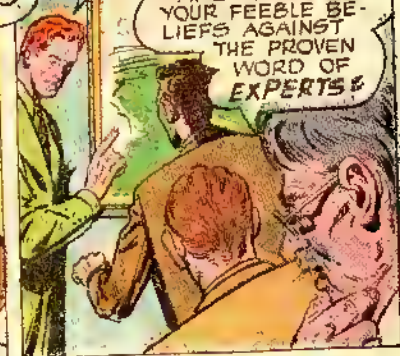


HERE -- THE RECONSTRUCTION'S COMPLETE! DESPITE MOTTRAM'S PET THEORY THAT PREHISTORIC MONSTERS NEVER INHABITED THIS PART OF THE WORLD -- WHAT WE'RE LOOKING AT IS THE FOSSILIZED FOOTPRINT OF ONE OF THE MOST HEIDEOUS OF THE DINOSAURS -- THE TRICERATOPS! LET'S SHOW MOTTRAM THE EVIDENCE!



THAT'S RIGHT! DESPITE YOUR PET THEORIES, I'M BETTING THE EVERGLADES WERE RICH IN ANCIENT REPTILIAN LIFE -- AND WHAT CRUIKSHANK STUMBLED ON WAS A NEST OF EXTINCT DINOSAURS!

RIDICULOUS, FLETCHER! ARE YOU PITTING YOUR FEEBLE BELIEFS AGAINST THE PROVEN WORD OF EXPERTS?

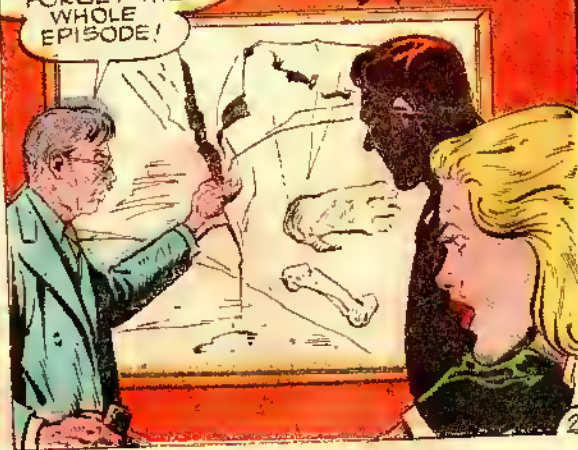


BUT I MUSTN'T LOSE MY TEMPER -- THIS IS PROBABLY A LITTLE JOKE ON DR. FLETCHER'S PART! I CAN ASSURE YOU -- AND HE KNOWS -- THAT NO DINOSAUR EVER INHABITED THE EVERGLADES -- OR ANY PLACE WITHIN 1,000 MILES OF THAT REGION!



THIS IS A CLEVER RECONSTRUCTION YOU MADE -- BUT I SUGGEST WE FORGET THE WHOLE EPISODE!

BUT -- BUT I'M WILLING TO STAKE MY PROFESSIONAL REPUTATION --





YOU'RE CARRYING THIS FARCE A BIT TOO FAR, FLETCHER! I'D STRONGLY ADVISE YOU TO FORGET IT!

I WON'T FORGET IT-- AND I WANT A CHANCE TO PROVE MY CLAIM!



LET ME TAKE AN EXPEDITION OVER THE GROUND CRUIKSHANK COVERED LAST YEAR! SURE, IT'S A BIG EXPENSE-- BUT IF I PROVE THAT AREA WAS ONCE A HABITAT FOR DINOSAURS, IT'LL BE A FEATHER IN THE MUSEUM'S CAP! AND IF I FAIL-- I'LL RESIGN!



VERY WELL-- I ACCEPT YOUR TERMS! BUT JUST IN ORDER TO MAKE SURE OF YOUR FINDINGS, I'LL COME ALONG AS LEADER OF THE EXPEDITION! PREPARE TO LEAVE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!

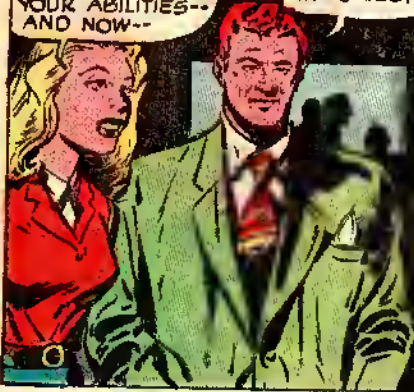


OH, MARTIN, YOU PLAYED RIGHT INTO HIS HANDS! HE WANTS TO GET YOU OUT OF THE MUSEUM BECAUSE HE'S JEALOUS OF YOUR ABILITIES-- AND NOW--

DON'T WORRY, BETTY! AS MY ASSISTANT, YOU'LL ACCOMPANY THE EXPEDITION-- SO YOU CAN BE IN ON THE GROUND FLOOR WHEN I PROVE I'M RIGHT IN MY THEORIES!

AND SO-- WEEKS LATER-- IN THE DEPTHS OF THE AGE-OLD EVERGLADES--

WE'LL PITCH CAMP HERE, GENTLEMEN! ACCORDING TO CRUIKSHANK'S NOTES, THIS IS THE REGION WHERE HIS UNCLASSIFIED FOSSIL WAS FOUND-- AN AREA NEVER BEFORE EXPLORED! YOU ALL HAVE YOUR SPECIFIC TASKS-- SO LET'S GET TO WORK!



WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME, MARTIN? WHY ARE WE LEAVING THE OTHERS?

SHH! LET THEM SEARCH FOR PLANT FOSSILS-- WE'RE AFTER BIGGER GAME! THEY WON'T MISS US IF WE TAKE A FEW MINUTES OFF AND SCOUT AROUND ON OUR OWN!

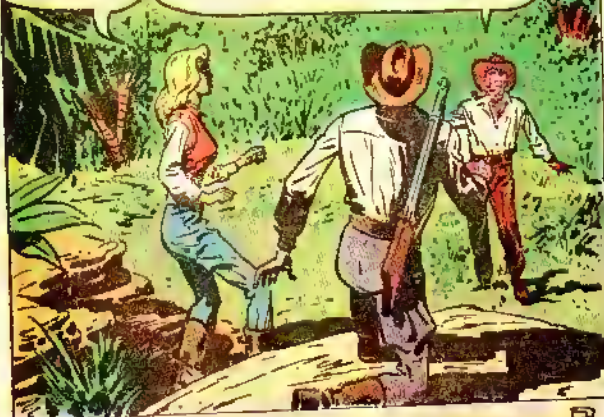
NOW GET THIS-- WHAT WE'VE GOT TO LOOK FOR ARE GEOLOGIC REMAINS THAT POINT TO A PREHISTORIC LAKE! MONSTERS LIKE THE TRICERATOPS ARE KNOWN TO HAVE INHABITED ONLY AREAS WHERE WATER WAS PLENTIFUL, AND IT'S MY BELIEF--

WAIT-- SOMEONE'S COMING!





IT-- IT'S MOTTRAM! DR. FLETCHER! MISS RAND! WHY AREN'T YOU AT WORK ON THE PROJECTS I ASSIGNED?



BUT-- BUT I WAS TO BE GIVEN A CHANCE TO PROVE MY THEORIES--

NEVER MIND THAT NONSENSE! YOU'LL EITHER WORK AS I DIRECT-- OR I'LL ASK THE TRUSTEES OF THE MUSEUM TO RELIEVE YOU OF YOUR JOB!



AS THE WEARYING DAYS OF OPPRESSIVE HEAT PASSED--

FLETCHER'S GONE AGAIN, PROFESSOR MOTTRAM! HUNTING FOR THAT TRICERATOPS OF HIS, I'LL BET!

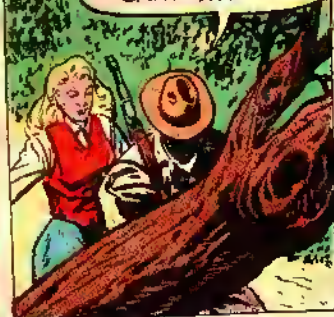
HE'LL MAKE A LAUGHING-STOCK OF THIS EXPEDITION! THAT SETTLES IT-- I'M GOING TO ASK TO HAVE HIM RELIEVED!



NEXT DAY--

IT'S NOT FAIR! YOU WERE TO BE GIVEN A CHANCE TO PROVE YOUR THEORIES-- AND NOW HE'S WRITING THE TRUSTEES TO HAVE YOU FIRED!

NEVER MIND THAT-- I'VE GOT REAL NEWS! I'VE FOUND TRACES OF THE ANCIENT LAKE I SOUGHT-- A LAKE THAT EXISTED MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO! LET'S HEAD FOR THE HIGH, SOLID LAND THAT ONCE OVERLOOKED IT-- WE MAY FIND SOMETHING SIGNIFICANT THERE!

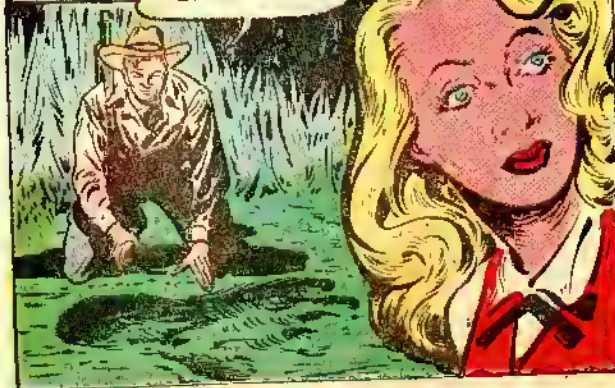


WITHIN AN HOUR-- A STUPENDOUS DISCOVERY!

IT-- IT'S THE FOOTPRINT OF A HUGE DINOSAUR! IT'S TOO BIG TO BE A TRICERATOPS-- MORE LIKELY IT'S THE PRINT OF THE MOST ENORMOUS CREATURE THAT EVER TROD THE EARTH-- A GIGANTOSAURUS! BUT WAIT-- IT'S UNBELIEVABLE!

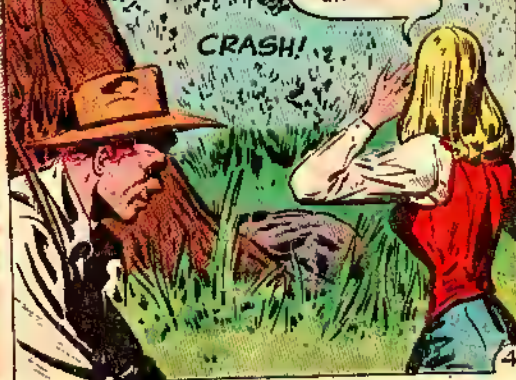


THIS-- THIS IS INSANE, BETTY! THIS PRINT-- IT'S NOT FROM THE MESOZOIC ERA AT ALL! INSTEAD OF BEING 600,000 CENTURIES OLD, IT CAN'T GO BACK MORE THAN A HUNDRED YEARS! IT'S ASTONISHING-- AND FRIGHTENING! IT-- IT MEANS THAT WITHIN THE PAST CENTURY, DINOSAURS ROAMED OVER THIS VERY SPOT!



HMM-- IT'S PREPOSTEROUS TO IMAGINE DINOSAURS LIVING HERE IN THE EVER-GLADES, MILLIONS OF YEARS AFTER THE LAST OF THEM WERE SUPPOSED TO HAVE PERISHED-- AND YET--

WHAT WAS THAT? IT-- IT SOUNDED LIKE --



CRASH!



THE GROUND-- IT'S CRACKING OPEN  
UNDER US! WE'RE TRAPPED--  
BY AN EARTHQUAKE!



DOWN, DOWN, IN A DIZZING FALL THROUGH THE  
ANCIENT EARTH'S CRACKED SURFACE! AND  
BENEATH, IN THE HALF-LIGHT OF A  
STRANGE NEW WORLD--

WE'RE LUCKY WE ESCAPED  
WITH JUST A FEW SCRATCHES!  
WE'VE GOT TO GET BACK  
TO CAMP, MARTIN!

IF THERE'S ANY  
CAMP LEFT!  
WHERE ARE WE?  
THIS STRANGE,

UNEARTHLY VEGETATION!  
AND OFF THERE IN THE  
DISTANCE -- IF I DIDN'T  
KNOW IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE,  
I'D SAY IT WAS A--



-- A DINOSAUR!  
THIS IS CRAZY!  
WE COME IN  
SEARCH OF  
TRACES OF AN  
EXTINCT MONSTER,  
AND WE SEE  
IT AGAIN-- IN  
THE FLESH!

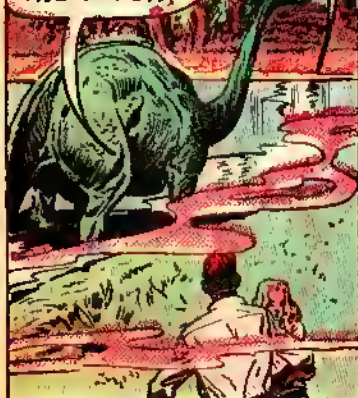
IT-- IT'S  
LIKE A  
NIGHT-  
MARE!

IT CAN'T  
BE, MARTIN--  
UNLESS  
WE'VE  
BOTH  
GONE  
MAD!

EITHER THAT--OR  
THROUGH SOME  
INEXPLICABLE PHE-  
NOMENON OF NATURE,  
WE'VE TUMBLED INTO  
THE MESOZOIC ERA!  
AND WHAT WE'RE  
SEEING NOW IS THE  
EARTH AS IT WAS  
SIXTY MILLION  
YEARS AGO!

I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT-- BUT  
LOOK OVER THERE! TELL ME  
YOU DON'T SEE IT-- THAT MY  
EYES ARE PLAYING TRICKS  
ON ME!

THEY'RE HOT!  
THOSE ARE  
DINOSAUR  
EGGS!



I'VE GOT IT IN MY  
HANDS-- EVIDENCE  
I CAN BRING  
BACK-- PROOF  
THAT MOTTRAM  
WAS WRONG  
AND I WAS  
RIGHT!

M-MARTIN-- I'M  
AFRAID TO LOOK--  
BUT THAT CRASHING  
NOISE-- THERE'S  
SOMETHING  
BEHIND US!

GOOD LORD-- IT'S A  
TYRANNOSAURUS--  
THE DEADLIEST  
CREATURE THAT  
EVER WALKED  
THE EARTH!

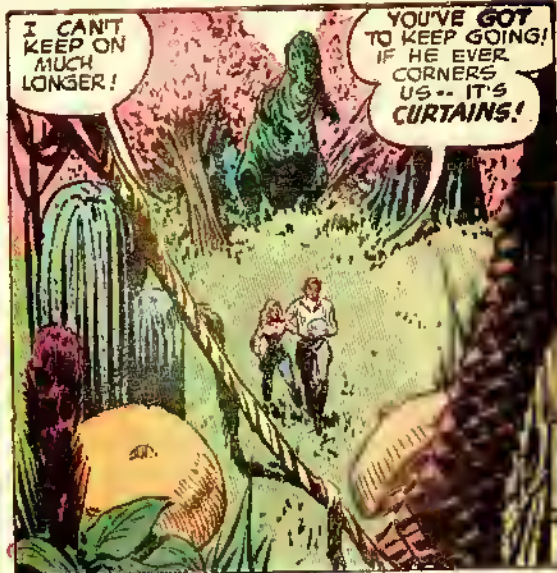
OHH!







RUN FOR IT, BETTY! ONE FLICK OF THOSE CLAWS-- AND WE'RE GONERS!



I CAN'T KEEP ON MUCH LONGER!

YOU'VE GOT TO KEEP GOING! IF HE EVER CORNERS US-- IT'S CURTAINS!



MARTIN-- WE'VE COME TO THE FACE OF A CLIFF! THERE'S NO PLACE TO RUN-- TO HIDE!

BRACE YOURSELF, KID! I'M AFRAID-- THIS IS THE END!



THEN-- IN THE LAST, FATEFUL MOMENT--

LISTEN-- IT'S THE SAME SOUND WE HEARD BEFORE!

IT'S ANOTHER EARTHQUAKE-- AND IT'S DISTRACTED THE MONSTER FOR A MOMENT!

CRASH!



AARGH!

HANG ON! THE TREMORS ARE INCREASING-- THE EARTH'S STARTING TO CRACK OPEN!

AND THEN-- PANDEMONIUM! BORNE ON THE CREST OF A MIGHTY LANDSLIDE--



HELP!

THE AWFUL QUAKE CEASES-- AND MARTIN AND BETTY, TOSSED UPWARDS THROUGH A CLOSING CREVASSE, ARE RETURNED TO THE WORLD OF TODAY!



THERE THEY ARE!

IF THEY'D STAYED BACK AT CAMP, WHERE THEY WERE SUPPOSED TO BE, WE WOULDN'T HAVE HAD TO WORRY OURSELVES WITH THIS SEARCH! QUICK-- SEE IF THEY'RE ALL RIGHT!



WHAT HAPPENED?  
HOW'D YOU  
GET HERE?

NEVER MIND THAT! IF YOU  
HADN'T WANDERED AWAY, YOU  
WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN CAUGHT IN  
THE MIDDLE OF THOSE TWO  
EARTHQUAKE TREMORS!



WELL, I'M GLAD WE DID! WE'VE SEEN  
SOMETHING TOTALLY INCREDIBLE! DINO-  
SAURS-- ALIVE! WE WATCHED THEM WITH  
OUR OWN EYES-- AND PROVED MY  
THEORY! WHY, WE SPOTTED A TRI-  
CERATOPS-- AND WERE EVEN PURSUED  
BY A TYRANOSAURUS!



HE'S AT IT AGAIN--  
WITH THAT RIDICULOUS  
NOTION OF DINOSAURS  
HERE-- IN THE  
EVERGLADES!

YOU'RE  
EITHER AN  
OUTRIGHT  
LIAR OR  
YOU'RE  
COMPLETELY  
MAD,  
FLETCHER!

BUT--I  
SAW IT--  
AND SO  
DID BETTY--

I SAID YOU WERE  
MAD-- AND YOUR  
LITTLE SOJOURN  
MUST HAVE BEEN  
A JOURNEY INTO  
MADNESS! HERE'S  
A LETTER I'M SEN-  
ING TO THE MUSEUM'S  
TRUSTEES-- AND THEY'LL  
SEE TO IT THAT NO  
MUSEUM IN THE  
COUNTRY WILL EVER  
HIRE YOU AFTER  
THIS!

I SEE-- YOU WERE OUT TO  
GET ME, MOTTRAM-- AND  
NOW YOU HAVE! OH, IF I  
ONLY HAD PROOF  
OF THE THINGS  
I SAW-- THE  
THINGS YOU  
CALL MAO-  
NESS--

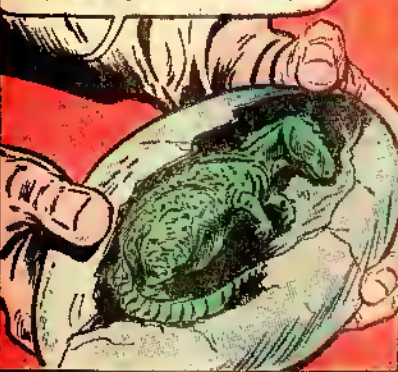
WAIT,  
MARTIN! YOU  
HAVE GOT PROOF,  
AND IT'S  
RIGHT HERE!



WELL, I'LL BE-- THAT DINOSAUR  
EGG! I MUST HAVE HUNG ON TO  
IT WHEN THAT MONSTER CHASED  
US! AND IF WE OPEN IT-- THERE'LL  
BE EVIDENCE ENOUGH-- THE  
FIRST REAL TYRANOSAURUS  
EVER SEEN ON EARTH! GOT  
ANYTHING TO SAY NOW,  
PROFESSOR MOTTRAM?

IT-- IT'S THE CRAZIEST THING I  
EVER HEARD, FLETCHER-- YET IT  
REVOLUTIONIZES THE SCIENCE OF  
PALEONTOLOGY! BUT-- BUT YOU'LL  
NEVER BE ABLE TO EXPLAIN HOW  
AN INSANE THING LIKE THIS  
EVER CAME TO BE!

NO-- BUT PERHAPS  
PROFESSOR  
MOTTRAM WILL--  
SINCE HE SEEMS TO  
BE AN AUTHORITY ON  
MY JOURNEY INTO  
MADNESS!



The End



IT WAS FOUR O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING, AND THE SENTINEL'S CITY ROOM WAS DESERTED SAVE FOR ONE REPORTER, HANK EVANS -- AND HE WAS SOUND ASLEEP! AND THEN SUDDENLY, WITH NO HUMAN FINGERS TOUCHING THEM -- THE KEYS ON HIS TYPEWRITER BEGAN TO MOVE, TAPPING OUT THE WORDS OF A SENSATIONAL STORY! A STORY THAT WAS TO SHOCK THE ENTIRE COUNTRYSIDE AND SEND HANK ON THE WILDEST ASSIGNMENT OF HIS CAREER AS HE COLLABORATED WITH--

# THE GHOST WRITER



EVANS! YOU IDIOT! WAKE UP!

HUH-- OH, HELLO, CHIEF!

IF I HADN'T HEARD YOUR TYPEWRITER POUNDING A FEW MINUTES AGO AND CAME UPSTAIRS TO SEE WHAT NEWS HAD BROKEN, I MIGHT NEVER HAVE SEEN THE STORY IN YOUR MACHINE -- AND WE'D HAVE MISSED GETTING IT IN THE EARLY EDITION! YOU PICK A FINE TIME TO SLEEP, EVANS!



WHAT STORY? I HAVEN'T TYPED A LINE ALL EVENING-- NOTHING IMPORTANT'S COME IN!

SO YOU DON'T CALL THIS IMPORTANT? CUT OUT THE JOKES!



IT WAS THEN THAT HANK SAW IT-- THE STRANGE STORY THAT WAS STILL WITHIN HIS TYPEWRITER--

**HAROLD R. RANDOM FOUND DEAD**  
Foul Play Suspected  
by Hank Evans.

The bullet-torn body of wealthy philanthropist Harold R. Random was found in Morton Park near the Fleet Rd. intersection. A cavity at the base of a large oak tree had been opened, the body thrust inside and the hole re-closed. The hiding place was discovered through an anonymous tip.

Living alone and without servants, Mr. Random was considered eccentric because of the Victorian clothes he wore. But his lavish cash donations to various charities won him love and respect.

Misfortune had recently dogged his footsteps. For only last week he was attacked by an unidentified assailant and his right arm broken...

GOOD GRAVY! I DIDN'T WRITE A WORD OF THIS! SOMEBODY MUST'VE SLIPPED IN AND DONE IT WHILE I WAS ASLEEP!-- HAROLD RANDOM DEAD! WHAT A STORY! I'D BETTER STALL THE CHIEF--



OH, THAT... WELL, I GOT A HALF-BAKED TIP THAT RANDOM HAD BEEN KNOCKED OFF! I GOTTA CHECK ON IT YET, CHIEF! GUESS I GORTA DROPPED OFF WHILE I WAS MULLING IT OVER!

GET BUSY AND CHECK THEN! WHAT KIND OF REPORTER ARE YOU, ANYWAY?

WHEN A PHONE CALL TO HAROLD RANDOM'S HOUSE BROUGHT NO ANSWER, HANK DETERMINED TO VISIT THE SUPPOSED HIDING-PLACE OF THE BODY!

PROBABLY SOME JOKER'S PULLING A GAG ON ME! BUT IT WON'T HURT TO HAVE A LOOK-SEE!

IT WAS ALL THERE-- THE OAK TREE WITH ITS SEALED OPENING--

BRR! THIS JOB GIVES ME THE CREEPS-- EVEN THOUGH I KNOW I'M NOT GOING TO FIND ANY CORPSE!



INSIDE THE TREE-- A CHILLING DISCOVERY!

GREAT GUNS! A DEAD MAN! I-- I CAN'T SEE HIS FACE TOO WELL, BUT IT MUST BE RANDOM! THAT OLD-FASHIONED COAT AND THE RIGHT ARM IN A SLING! WHEW... ME FOR A PHONE!

CHIEF! RUN THE STORY! ALL THE FACTS ARE TRUE! RANDOM IS DEAD! I'LL CALL THE POLICE--

YOU'RE SURE IT'S HAROLD RANDOM, EVANS?

YEAH! I'LL DRIVE AHEAD-- YOU FOLLOW ME!







HERE'S THE SPOT--  
AND THERE'S  
RANDOM!



YOU DOPE! THIS IS NO  
MAN -- IT'S ONLY A  
SCARECROW!

HUH?  
BUT--



IF THIS IS YOUR IDEA OF A  
JOKES, EVANS, IT'S NOT OURS!  
FOR A PLUGGED NICKEL,  
I'D RUN YOU IN!

THEY'RE GONE -- FUNNY, I'D HAVE  
**SWORN** THAT WAS RANDOM'S BODY!  
OF COURSE, I DIDN'T SEE HIS FACE  
TOO DISTINCTLY AND... WELL, I  
MUST'VE JUMPED TO CONCLUSIONS  
BECAUSE OF THAT WRITE-UP! GOLLY,  
THERE'LL BE THE DICKENS TO PAY  
IF THAT YARN HITS THE STREET!  
I'LL HAVE TO CALL THE CHIEF,  
BUT **FAST!**



**KILL THE RANDOM  
STORY? ARE YOU  
CRAZY? IT'S TOO  
LATE! THE PAPERS  
ARE OFF THE PRESSES  
AND ON THE STANDS  
ALREADY!**



**BACK IN TOWN--**  
EXTRAS ALL OVER THE  
STREETS! **BROTHER,**  
WHAT A MESS  
I'M IN!



OH-OH! **THERE'S MR. RANDOM--** GOING TO SEE  
THE CHIEF! HERE COME THE **FIREWORKS!**

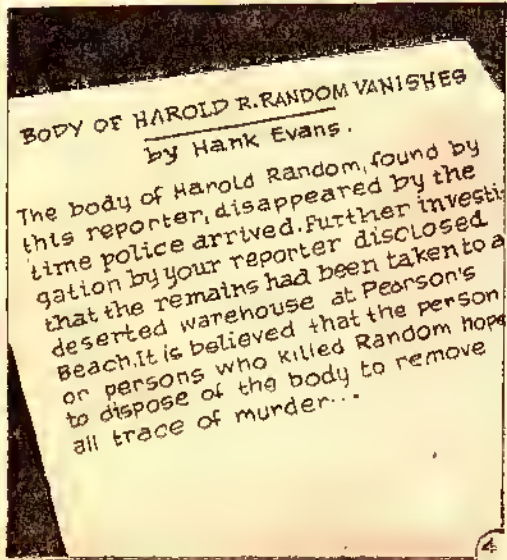
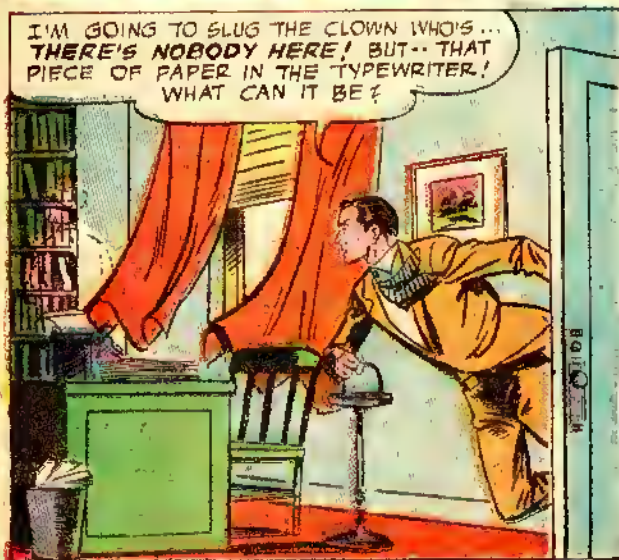
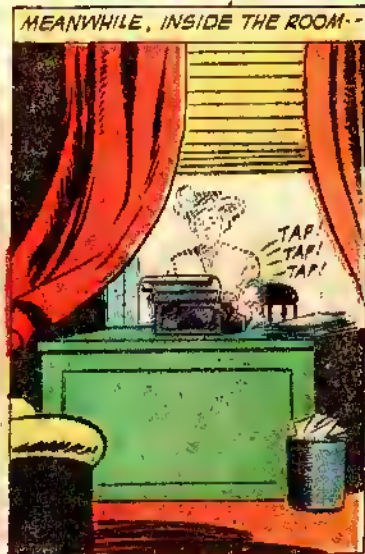
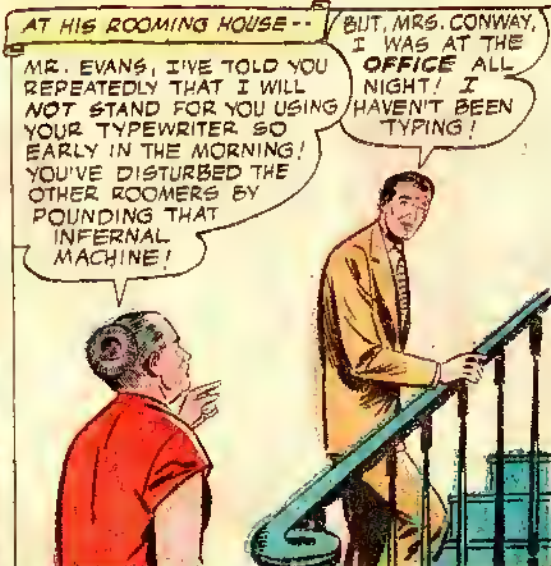


THIS IS THE  
YOUNG FOOL  
WHO WROTE  
THAT  
STORY,  
MR.  
RANDOM!

YOUNG MAN, IF I DIDN'T OWN  
A BLOCK OF STOCK IN THIS  
NEWSPAPER, AND IF I WASN'T  
KINDLY DISPOSED TO MENTALLY-  
CRIPPLED PERSONS, I'D SUE YOU  
AND THE SENTINEL FOR MILLIONS!  
YOU'VE MADE ME THE  
LAUGHING STOCK OF  
THE CITY!









I DUNNO WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT-- BUT ONE WAY TO FIND OUT IS TO GO TO THAT WAREHOUSE AT PEARSON'S BEACH!



THERE'S THAT NOSEY REPORTER-- NOW TO FOLLOW AND GET RID OF HIM! I DON'T KNOW HOW HE GOT WISE-- BUT HE KNOWS TOO MUCH!



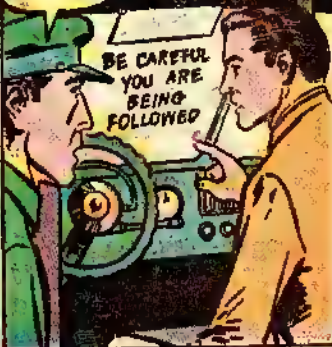
I'M IN A HURRY, BUDDY! FILL 'ER UP-- I'LL CHECK THE TIRES!



A MOMENT LATER--

HONEST, MISTER, I DIDN'T WRITE THAT ON YOUR GLASS!

WELL, WHO IN THUNDER DID, THEN?



HMM-- WHOEVER WROTE THAT MESSAGE KNEW WHAT HE WAS TALKING ABOUT! THAT BIG SEDAN SURE IS ON MY TRAIL! I'D BETTER SHAKE IT!



DODGING THROUGH SIDE STREETS, HANK MANAGED TO LOSE THE CAR THAT WAS FOLLOWING HIM! THEN, AS HE HEADED FOR PEARSON'S BEACH--

WHO COULDN'T HAVE KNOWN I WAS BEING TRAILED? AND HOW DID HE MANAGE TO WRITE THAT WARNING ON MY WINDSHIELD? THERE WAS NOBODY AROUND EXCEPT THE ATTENDANT!



AND WHO WROTE THOSE TWO NEWS ACCOUNTS? THEY PRAISED RANDOM SO HIGHLY YOU'D ALMOST THINK THE OLD GUY HAD DONE IT HIMSELF! GOOD GRAYVY! WHAT AM I SAYING? IF RANDOM IS DEAD, MAYBE HIS SPIRIT IS DOING A GHOST-WRITING JOB! AW, I CAN'T SWALLOW THAT-- OR CAN I?

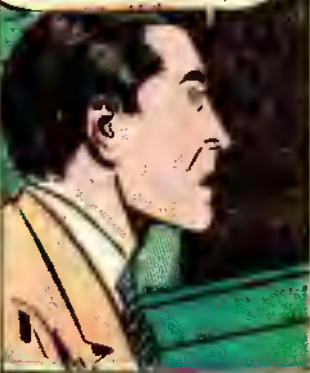




REACHING PEARSON'S BEACH, HANK CAUTIOUSLY APPROACHED THE OLD WAREHOUSE --



SUFFERIN' CATFISH--THERE IS A BODY INSIDE! AND IT'S ... IT'S RANDOM'S-- JUST AS THE WRITE-UP SAID! ... THEN WHO-- WHO WAS IN THE SENTINEL'S OFFICE THIS MORNING?



WE'D BETTER WAIT TILL THE BOSS SHOWS UP BEFORE HEAVEN! THE OLD GUY INTO THE DRINK... HE'S LATE!

HE'S KEEPIN' AN EYE ON THAT REPORTER! I'D SURE LIKE TO KNOW HOW THAT PUNK GOT WISE TO WHERE WE BURIED THE STIFF IN THAT TREE!



TOO BAD WE WEREN'T CLOSE ENOUGH TO SHOOT HIM WHEN HE DUG IT OUT! I TOLD THE BOSS IT WAS A STUPID PLACE TO PLANT RANDOM!

WELL, PUTTIN' THE SCARE-CROW IN ITS PLACE FIXED THAT! NOBODY'LL BELIEVE WHAT THAT REPORTER SAYS NOW-- AND IT'LL TAKE A DIVER TO FIND THE BODY THIS TIME WITH ALL THE SCRAP METAL TIED TO IT!



SO RANDOM'S BODY WAS IN THAT TREE ... OWWWW!



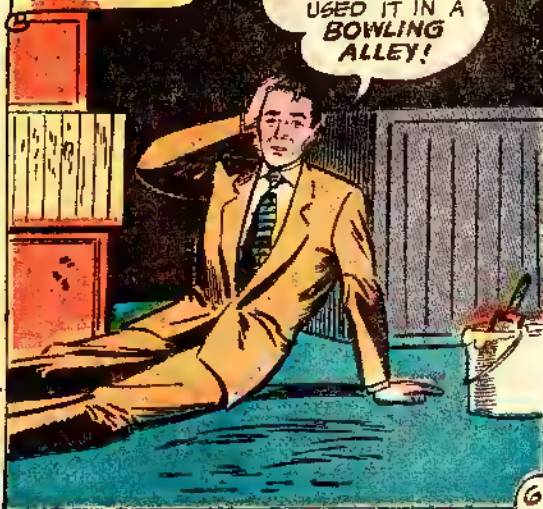
YA MEAN YA FOUND HIM HERE, BOSS?

YES, LISTENING TO YOU TWO BUMP YOUR GUMS! LOCK HIM IN THE BACK ROOM, THEN TOSS RANDOM IN THE BAY! I WANT YOU TO GET RID OF THAT BODY FOR GOOD!



A SHORT TIME LATER--

WOW! MY HEAD FEELS AS IF SOMEBODY USED IT IN A BOWLING ALLEY!

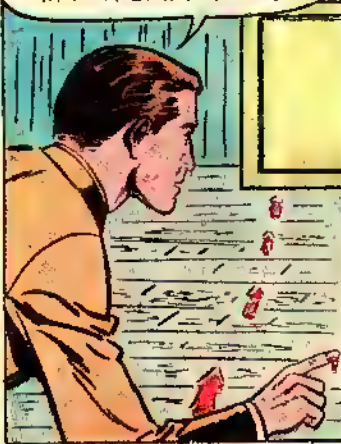




THE DOOR'S LOCKED AND I COULD NEVER GET TO THAT WINDOW! IF IT WAS RANDOM'S GHOST WHO GOT ME INTO THIS, I SURE WISH HE WOULD GET ME OUT!



WHAT THE--THESE ARROWS WERENT HERE A MINUTE AGO-- AND THE PAINT'S STILL WET! AND THEY POINT TO BEHIND THAT PACKING CASE!



SHOVING THE PACKING CASE ASIDE, HANK DISCOVERED A LOOSE WALL BOARD! IT GAVE WAY UNDER THE PRESSURE OF HIS SHOULDER--

YE GODS, SOMETHING IS HELPING ME-- AND THAT SOMETHING MUST BE STRICTLY OUT OF THIS WORLD!



BUT, BOSS. HOW DO WE KNOW SOMEBODY ELSE BESIDES THAT REPORTER AIN'T WISE TO USE MAYBE WE'D BETTER GIVE UP THE WHOLE IDEA!

AFTER ALL THOSE WEEKS I SPENT STUDYING OLD RANDOM SO I COULD IMPERSONATE HIM? NOTHING DOING!



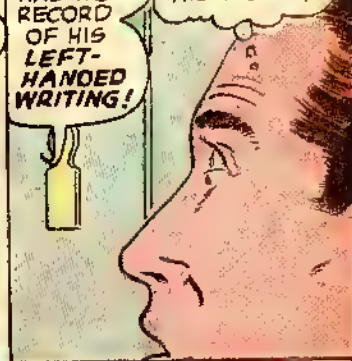
DON'T WORRY! NOBODY SUSPECTS I'M NOT RANDOM, OR THAT THAT CHARITY WE SET UP IS A PHONY! AS SOON AS I GET ON THIS MAKE-UP, I'M HEAD-ING FOR TOWN TO CASH A BIG CHECK SO I CAN GIVE THE MONEY TO THE CHARITY! HA! HA!

YA THINK THE BANK'LL CASH THE CHECK OKAY, BOSSE



OF COURSE! WHY DO YOU THINK I WENT TO THE TROUBLE OF BREAKING RANDOM'S RIGHT ARM? THE BANK HAS NO RECORD OF HIS LEFT-HANDED WRITING!

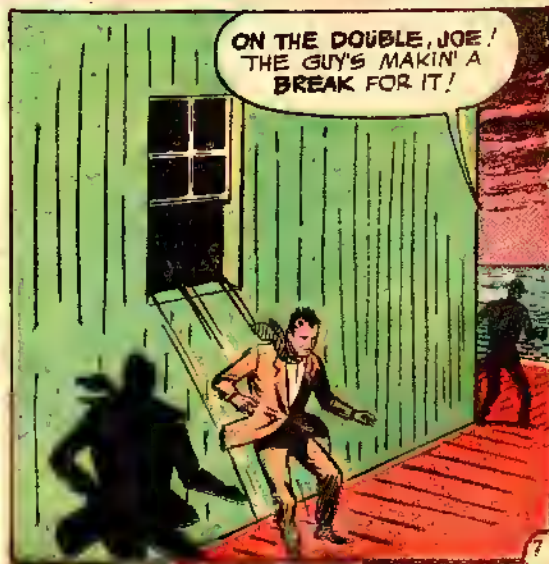
WOTTA SCHEME! THEY MURDERED RANDOM-- AND NOW THEY'RE GOING TO DRAIN OFF HIS MONEY!



WHILE I'M GONE YOU GUYS FINISH OFF THAT NOSEY REPORTER! DROP HIM IN THE BAY LIKE YOU DID RANDOM!



ON THE DOUBLE, JOE! THE GUY'S MAKIN' A BREAK FOR IT!





YES, I'M MAKING A BREAK--  
AND YOU TWO WON'T  
STOP ME!



AFTER A FEW HECTIC  
MINUTES--

WELL, I GOT THEM-- BUT  
THIS GIVES THEIR BOSS A  
BIG HEAD-START! BROTHER,  
I'LL HAVE TO STEP-- OR  
HE'LL HAVE CASHED THE  
CHECK AND GONE!



AS HANK RACED DESPERATELY--

AWKWARD, HAVING TO  
SIGN WITH MY LEFT  
HAND, BUT I PROMISED  
THAT NEW CHARITY A  
BIG CASH DONATION,  
AND I MUST LIVE  
UP TO MY  
WORD!

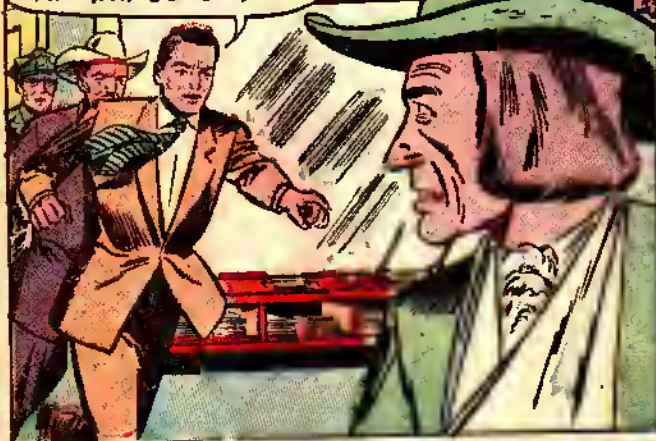
HERE'S  
THE  
MONEY,  
MR.  
RANDOM!



THEN-- IN THE NICK OF TIME--

WH--WHAT NONSENSE  
IS THIS?

THERE HE IS, SHERIFF!  
HE ISN'T RANDOM-- HE'S  
AN IMPOSTOR!



MR. RANDOM IS  
DEAD! THIS  
MAN KILLED  
HIM AND TOOK  
HIS PLACE!

I DEMAND THAT THIS  
MAN BE COMMITTED  
TO THE MENTAL  
WARD! THIS IS THE  
SECOND TIME HE'S  
MADE RIDICULOUS  
CLAIMS! THE FELLOW  
IS OBVIOUSLY  
INSANE!



HAVE YOU  
ANY PROOF  
TO BACK  
UP YOUR  
CHARGES,  
EVANS?

PROOF? HOW CAN I  
PROVE ANYTHING?  
RANDOM'S BODY IS  
AT THE BOTTOM OF  
THE BAY-- IT MIGHT  
TAKE A WEEK TO  
FIND IT! IT'S JUST  
MY WORD AGAINST  
THAT CROOKS!

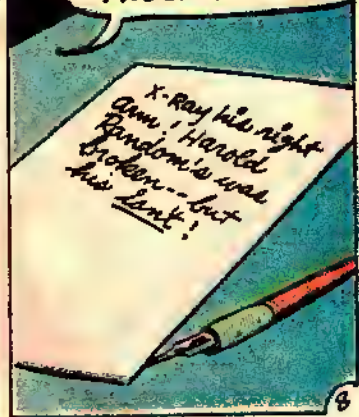


THEN-- AN  
EERIE  
SIGHT!

ULP!



READ WHAT'S WRITTEN  
ON THE PAPER, SHER-  
IFF! IF THAT MAN'S  
ARM ISN'T FRACTURED,  
IT'LL BE ALL THE  
PROOF YOU NEED!



X-Ray his right  
arm, Harold.  
Random's was  
broken-- but  
his left!



WHY SHOULD I HAVE MY ARM X-RAYED? I REFUSE-- YOU CAN'T MAKE ME DO IT!

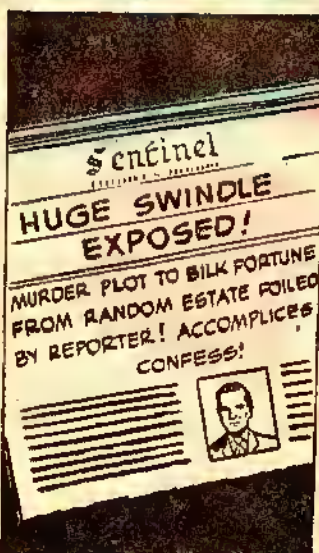
BUT, MR. RANDOM, IT'S A SIMPLE ENOUGH THING TO DO! IT'LL SETTLE EVERYTHING!



SURE IT WILL-- BUT SO WILL THIS! BACK UP! NOBODY'S TAKING THIS MONEY FROM ME!



GRAB HIM! HE'S GETTING AWAY!



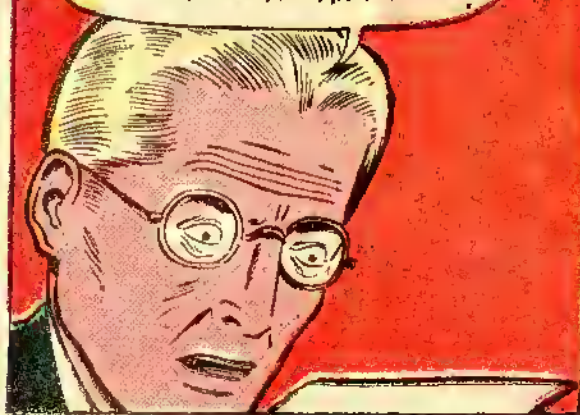
HANK'S PRESENCE WAS REQUESTED WHEN HAROLD R. RANDOM'S WILL WAS READ--

... AND I HEREBY DIRECT THAT THE STOCK I OWN IN THE SENTINEL BE GIVEN TO HANK EVANS-- AND THAT HE BE MADE EDITOR OF THE PAPER!

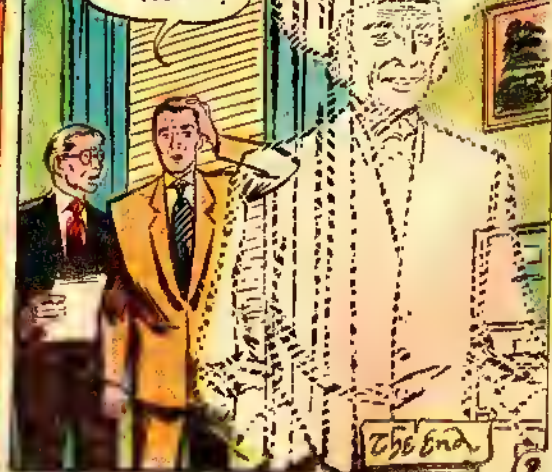
WELL, I'LL BE...



HMM! THIS LAST CODICIL SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN VERY RECENTLY! IF I DIDN'T KNOW THE FACTS OF THE CASE, I'D SAY AS RECENTLY AS THE LAST DAY OR SO! BUT THAT, OF COURSE, IS RIDICULOUS! AFTER ALL, A DEAD MAN CAN'T WRITE!



YOU KNOW, MR. ATTORNEY-- SOMETIMES I WONDER!



The End



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Name for Bracelet \_\_\_\_\_  
(limit - 14 letters)

Do you want birthstone? ☐ Yes ☐ No

If Yes, give month of birth \_\_\_\_\_

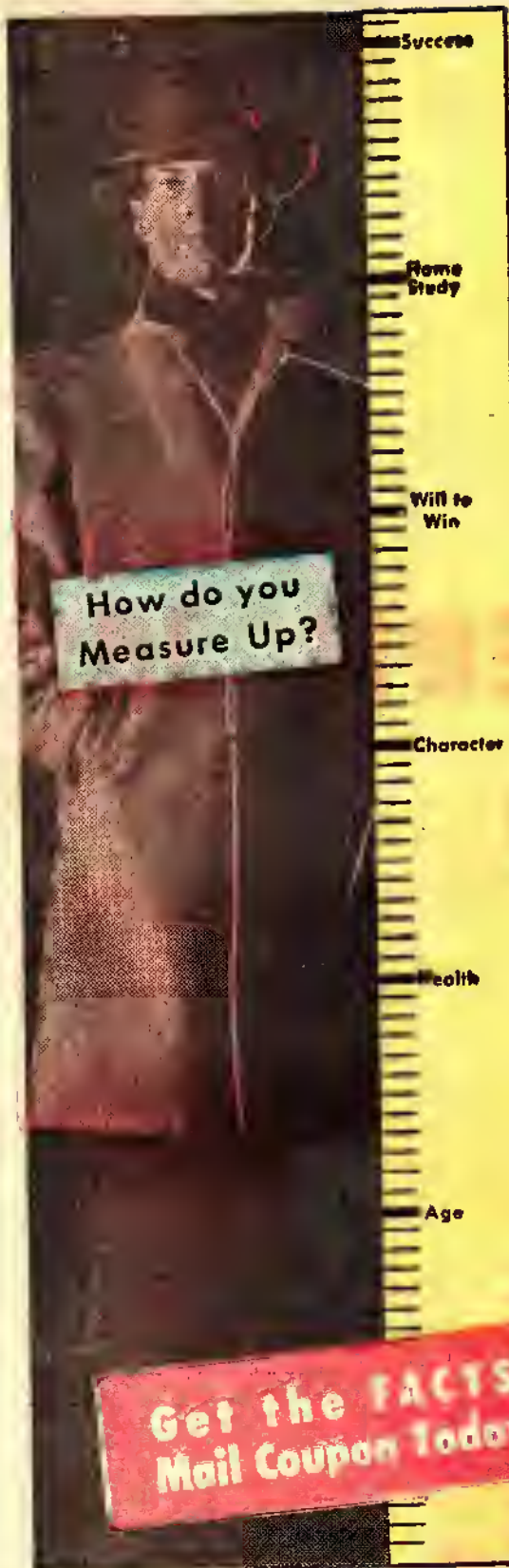
Wrist Size Large ☐ Small ☐

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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—W. E., Ohio

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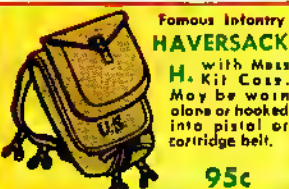
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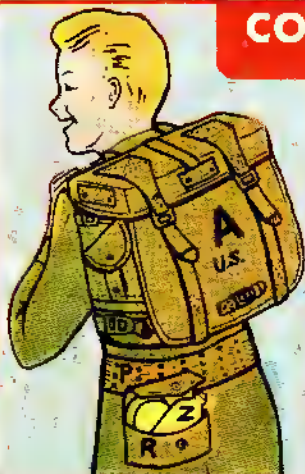
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